# The Traveller, Family Journal,

AND

TIMES LIFE IN NEW-YORK

SPIRIT OF THE

BY FISHER & INMAN.
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OF "THE TRAVELLER" & "SPIRIT OF THE TIME


## Sports of the Turf.

### BALTIMORE RACES.

CENTRAL COURSE.

The second Spring Meeting commenced on Tuesday the 18th June,—the attendance was not numerous, nor were the sports of a very first rate order.

FIRST DAY.

Purse $300—*Two mile heats*,—$15 entrance.

| | |
|---|---|
| Mr. Hammond's b. h. *Reform*, | 4 5 1 |
| Mr. Boyce's ch. c *Columbus*, | 2 4 2 |
| Dr. Duvall's ch. m. *Floretta*, | 1 3 dr. |
| J. S. Garrison's ch. c. *Orange Boy*, | 5 1 dis. |
| J. M. Selden's b. c. *Sir Whitefoot*, | 3 2 dis. |
| Jno M. Botts' ch. h. *Royal*, | dist. |

Time—3 53—3 53—3 57.

Dr. Duvall's *Floretta*, won the first heat,—closely followed by *Columbus*. *Orange Boy*, who it is supposed could have taken any heat in the race, lay by for the 2d, and dropt in, just to save his distance. The second heat *Orange Boy* won easily, but in the third, his rider mistook the distance, as he was not contending for the heat, and he was thus thrown out, and Orange Boy lost the race which all supposed he could have won cleverly from his known bottom. *Reform* took the purse, the balance of the field being distanced or ruled out.

### FISHING ON SKATES!

*Kaskaskia, Randolph Co. Il. March* 27, 1833.

Mr. Editor—Seeing an invitation in your useful and very interesting Magazine, to us of the "far west," to give your eastern readers an account of some of our amusements, I avail myself of it, and send you the following; novel in itself, and I believe peculiar to this region. It is no other than catching fish by running them down! We have all heard of running down foxes, wolves, and other wild animals; but few, I believe, have ever thought that the tiny tenants of the flood can be taken in the same manner. But they are frequently, and in great quantities; and the sport is as lively and exhilirating as can well be imagined.

The citizens of Galena often amuse themselves in this way on Fever river, on which that town is situated. The water of that stream is very clear and the ice there, (N. lat. 42° 25',) forms in one night, two or three inches thick, as pure as the crystal itself. Through it, the fish can be seen to the depth of eight feet or more, and at a distance of ten or fifteen feet. Those who are fond of the sport, prepare their skates, equipped with a *gig*" and a tomahawk, and each man looks out for his game. Having discovered a pike, muskolunge, or sturgeon he gives chace, and watching the motions of his game, he can, upon his skates, adopt his own movements to them; and in a pursuit of sometimes less than three hundred yards, performing various evolutions, the fish becoming exhausted with fear, and his exertions to escape, stops. The sportsman then, with his tomahawk, blocks out about six inches square of the ice, and with his *gig*, brings his prey to air, pierced by its prongs. What is remarkable, is while the ice is cutting the fish shew no symptoms of alarm, nor do they attempt a further escape.

Thus are two of the most delightful amusements combined, skating and fishing. It is only however, for one or two days in a season, that this sport can be enjoyed, for after the first freezing the ice loses its transparency, so that the fish cannot be discovered through it, its surface no longer resembling that of the polished mirror.

The kinds of fish taken in this way, are the common pike, weighing from half a pound to three pounds, the *muskolunge* of about the same size, both very delicious, and an inferior kind of sturgeon. A Mr. J. J. C. merchant of this place, was one of a skating party of four on Fever river, who ran down and captured, in one day, almost four hundred fine fish, of the description mentioned above. Fishing on skates is a novelty I doubt not, to most of your readers, but in the west, it is often enjoyed, and you are assured, that it wants no one ingredient of "right excellent sport," though my description of it is tame and frigid.

While writing, I may as well tell you of another mode the inhabitants of that comparatively cold region have of taking fish. In warm sunshining days the fish rise up to the surface, probably to catch a look, or to feel the vivifying influences, of the splendid luminary through their brilliant covering. Their back fins, particularly those of the sunfish, freeze to the ice, and the fisherman cut out a piece of it, say five feet wide and ten feet long, and with a rope, slipped over one end, they upset the cake of ice, to which vast numbers of fish are found adhering by the back fins. Sleigh loads of them are taken after this fashion; and though inanimate, if put in tepid water they soon revive. This is a cheap and easy way of getting a supply of fish, but it wants the life and exhilaration of the other—running them down on skaits. SIGMA.

* A spear with three barbed prongs.

### DREAD OF HYDROPHOBIA.

The late celebrated Dr. James relates the following story, as a convincing proof of the wonderful sagacity of the dog, as manifesting his terror and dread of hydrophobia:—

A man, who used to come every day to the Doctor's house, was so beloved by three cocker spaniels which he kept, that they never failed to jump into his lap, and caress him the whole time he staid. It happened that this man was bitten by a mad dog, and the very first night he came under the influence of the distemper, they all ran away from him to the very top of the garret-stairs, barking and howling, and showing all the other signs of distress and consternation.—The man was cured, but the dogs were not reconciled to him for three years afterwards.—*Skinner's Magazine.*

*"Half Horse and Half Man Race.*—The last Sandusky Clarion gives an account of a race of seven and a half miles on a smooth turnpike road, between a pedestrian and a gentleman with a horse and sulky for a purse of $100. The pedestrian was to have 40 minutes the advantage in time, but won the race without apparent fatigue with 15 minutes to spare.—*Fredonia Censor.*

A short time since, a bear was captured in a trap and killed by Messrs. D. and B. Morris, of Penn township in this county, which weighed nearly four hundred pounds. The monster was recognized as an old offender having levied his tythes, in shape of pigs, sheep &c. for many years, but always managing to avoid a close contact with the legitimate owners thereof. His skin when taken off, was very large, and the hair on it was of a most beautiful shining black.—*Muncy Argus.*

The editor of "We the People," has put forth an ingenious dissertation on *the comforts of ugliness*. One of his "comforts" is founded on the fragility of beauty—the argument seems to be, that elegance and beauty are flowers that quickly fade, while *ugliness endures forever*. This is immortality with a vengeance.

A clergyman recently died in England, supposed to be poor—but on examining his effects, hard cash to the amount of over $200,000 was found.

A most shocking murder was committed in New Brunswick, (N. J.) a few days since. We learn that the provocation to the deed was the success of the deceased in an "affair of the heart."

### THE MOTHER OF THE WOLVES.

Between four and five leagues from Honfleur, on the Caen road, is the town of Pont L'Eveque. It is a long straggling place, stretching half a league across the valley of the Touque, and for quiet dulness may fairly rival any little town even in France, where provincial towns are. Heaven knows, dull enough; but its situation is most beautiful. Above and below it the valley lies open to a great breadth, burdened on either side by tall and gently sloping hills, whose sides are covered with apple orchards, and rich in verdure, unsurpassed by Devonshire itself. The Touque, a trout stream of the largest class, ripples along the meadows, sometimes in a single channel, sometimes divided into many branches, or bending toward the hill-foot to meet some tributary, but always clear and rapid—the very *beau ideal* of a trout stream, and well stocked with a speckled population, which by this time has had some personal experience in the mystery of the artificial fly.

The scene of the story we are about to relate is a fishing hamlet, situated where the river, passing between two high and abrupt ridges of cliff, scarce a quarter of a mile apart, empties itself into the sea. The cabins are built a little on the slope, to be beyond the reach of the spring-tides, which, when aided by a north-west gale, flow up the valley the whole two leagues to Pont L'Eveque, often rising three feet high in the street of that town.—The second or third of these cabins on the bridle road from Beaumont was tenanted in our time, and perhaps is still, by an elderly dame, *La Mere Therese*, or, as in memory of her adventure, she is far more generally styled *La Mere aux Loups*. Her husband had been a fisherman, and one gusty night his little bark was thrown on the shore, and he perished in the waves within sight of his own home.—Therese was not rich enough for the luxury of grief; she was obliged to labor for her daily pittance, and to labour hard withal; for her neighbours were all too poor to assist her, and Monsieur le Baron had more taste for Paris than for his chateau on the bleak cliff top.

One summer evening she had gone into the forest which spread for many miles through the country, there to collect sticks for her little fire. On this occasion she strayed rather beyond her usual limits into a very lonely spot; here, to her great surprise, she saw, in a sheltered nook, what she conceived to be a litter of young puppies. Wondering what had induced their mother to abandon them, as their continual squeals for food persuaded her was the case, Therese, with the kindness which so constantly prevails in hearts softened by misfortune, resolved on saving the poor little wretches from famine. She cast away her sticks, the produce of a long gleaning, to make room for the *petits malheureux*, and, nestling them in her warm woollen petticoat, toddled home as quick as her legs would carry her. She cleared the wood without let or hindrance; but at the very instant when she lifted the latch of her *chaumiere* a fierce howl rang on her ear; she rushed in, and providentially slapped the door behind her. The enraged brute tore at its fastenings, shaking them so furiously, that poor Therese fled in dismay up the few steps which led to the garret, if we may dignify a hole under the thatch with so grandiloquent a name! Well was it for her that another door guarded its entrance. Her assailant, a gaunt she-wolf, the mama of the nice little pups, finding the attack on the door unattended with success, made a leap at the casement, and alighted inside, bearing with her the shattered frame and glass; then flew at the crazy door on the steps; she tore at it with tooth and claw, till the very mud walls of the cabin trembled. Meanwhile Therese thrust her head through the window of her garret, and with exemplary foresight screamed "*au feu! au feu!*"—an expedient which in similar circumstances cannot be too strongly recommended: for the cry of "murder!" is sometimes apt to induce such personal considerations as might possibly retard succor, while that of "fire!" only reminds us of a really very pretty sight. As at the sound of the dread tocsin the inhabitants of Touque assembled at her cries, but no fire was to be seen. "Look through the window and you'll see the flames!" said she; and they did look!—the fire of Vesuvius could not have sent them more rapidly to the right about than that they saw. In the twinkling of an eye every man, woman, and child had vanished, leaving the unfortunate Therese with a worm-eaten plank between her and the jaws of the wolf; but shame and humanity would not suffer them to desert her thus. The men armed themselves with sticks, and staves, and pitchforks; but their main reliance was a couple of venerable firelocks, to all appearance more perilous to their owners than to their mark. These were placed in the hands of the two best marksmen of the hamlet—a title which till then had never been conceded to them by their rivals in gunnery; they advanced upon the enemy, supported by the stick-men, manfully levelled their pieces and fired—that is, one of them, for the other's piece most innocently flashed in the pan. The wolf was wounded, though not mortally, and in any other animal it would have grieved one to mark that she never even wasted a look on her slayers, but tore and raved at the door, heedless of all save her young!—Pitying a wolf, is however, utterly out of the question. The serviceable piece was re-loaded, the flint of the other hammered, and pins thrust into the touch-hole; again the pieces were raised, and this time both poured in their volley with such effect that the brute fell, and was speedily finished by the main guard, who were resolved that their clubs should not be altogether inglorious in the strife.—Therese, half dead with fright, delivered her *scandalum progéces* to the strong arm of the law, and they were executed on the spot, according to the decision of a drum-head court-martial. This circumstance occurred some years ago; since then wolves have been only once seen in the vicinity of Pont L'Eveque.

### SELECT PROVERBS FOR ALL NATIONS.

A blithe heart makes a blooming visage.—*Scotch.*
A burden which one chooses is not felt.
Accusing is proving, where malice and power sit judges.
A crowd is not a company.
A thousand probabilities do not make one truth.
A blow from a frying pan, though it does not hurt, it stallies.—*Spanish.*
A calumny, though known to be such, generally leaves a stain on the reputation.
Advice to all, security for none.
A cut purse is a sure trade, for he has ready money when his work is done.
Adversity makes a man wise, not rich.
Affairs, like salt fish, ought to be a good while a soaking.
After having cried up their wine, they give us vinegar.
An honest man has halfas much more brains as he needs; a knave hath not half enough.
A friar who asks alms for God's sake, begs for two.—*Spanish.*
A fool's tongue is long enough to cut his throat.
A great city, is a great solitude.
A hand-saw is a good thing, but not to shave with.
A good name is better than riches.

*Accident.*—The Baltimore American of Thursday morning mentions the death of a boy, a son of the late Capt. Richmond, in consequence of being run over by the tender of the locomotive engine, belonging to the Susquehanna Rail Road.

☞ An extraordinary entry was recently made at the London Custom House: forty one chests of bullion from China.

## New-York TRAVELLER, TIMES & JOURNAL.

### TROLLOPIANA.

The Philadelphia Gazette tells its readers that a letter has lately been received by somebody, from the renowned Mrs. Trollope, in which among other important matters that exquisite lady begs leave to offer a few words by way of apology for the sharp words she has bestowed upon us Republicans and our doings; her plea is necessity; having as she says "a husband and eight children to feed and provide for." The excuse is a good one, and fully justifies our benevolent friend in writing not merely two, but two hundred books; as for the style in which her performances are accomplished, the event affords the best justification that could be devised, and we rejoice to believe that the good lady's books have placed her upon good terms with her baker and butcher. That this is the fact we are well assured from the number of imitators whom the success of her books has brought into the teeming garden of English literature—or rather into that particular patch of it, whereunto the tribe of American travellers claim the right of fee-simple. We are not able to state the exact number of tourists who have skipped through the States with note-book in hand, and then hurried back to superintend the passage of their lucubrations through the prolific press of the great metropolis, since the appearance of her clever "Domestic Manners;" but we know of four new works, of which one has been recently re-published in this country, and the other three are announced. Mr. Stuart's book was brought out about three weeks ago and has, we believe, been extensively read; it is fair and impartial, and full of excellent information; the writer cannot be classed among the disciples of the Trollopian school. A Captain Alexander of the Royal Engineers very recently put forth a couple of volumes which he calls "Trans-Atlantic Sketches;" one of them is devoted to South America and the other to the United States and Canada. They are vigorous, lively and graphic, and so far as our own knowledge enables us to pronounce upon them, authentic and accurate. The gallant Captain seems to have come among us with a good-humored disposition to see what was to be seen; to give credit for what was deserving of it, and to laugh when occasion presented itself; he shows us up now and then, but it is in good style, and we have no doubt that he is a capital fellow, with a pair of keen eyes, and a good deal of talent. Mrs. Trollope cannot we fear, lay any claim to *him* as one of her followers—Of Major Hamilton's book we can say nothing, not having seen a copy; it is now we believe in press, and we are told that it cuts us up famously. The last of the four which we have mentioned, is the production of a Reverend Gentleman whose lot it is to rejoice in the euphonous name of Isaac Fidler, and in several capital letters that come after it in his title page. This worthy divine, we are happy to say, is a genuine follower of the "old Lady;" and we can readily feel how proud she must be of him. He came to the United States, as he says, to preach and teach Sanscrit; and his principal motive was a dissatisfaction with the existing state of affairs in his own country; which means we presume that the Reverend Isaac was a bit of a Radical. This does very well to put in his book; but we feel assured that it is to our friend Mrs. Trollope we are indebted for the honor of having among us for some odd weeks, the Reverend Isaac and Mrs. Fidler; he had read her book, and what is more, he had heard how much money she made by it; the sum total being we suspect, a larger number of pounds sterling than Mr. Fidler could hope to acquire by either of his established modes of gathering mammon. It was clear that the Old Lady had made a good speculation; and an irresistible impulse to go and do likewise sprang up in the heart of the teacher of Sanscrit. To this end he came; tarried among us a brief space; made a flying excursion to Canada; and then hastened back, impatient to drive a bargain with some popular publisher. We confess that we have been excessively amused with his book; more even than with his great predecessor's, because it comes more home to our own business and bosoms, seeing that our own much beloved city was almost exclusively the scene of his observations and comments. Truth to say, we have been somewhat astonished at some of the discoveries recorded in the learned gentleman's pages; we did not know for example that it was next to impossible to find any printer who would undertake to get out a Greek work in this country, or that our professors and best scholars would rank only among schoolboys in England; but look you there, now! what a thing it is to live in this world where one may learn something new every day!

The Reverend Isaac Fidler's book will be published soon we are told, and our readers may promise themselves some entertainment; when it appears, we will take notice of it at some length.

### THE WANDERING PIPER.

A sort of a controversy seems to be going on among the Boston Editors, or some of them, touching the character and performances of this erratic individual; one party maintaining his claims to attention, good treatment, and half pence; the other denouncing him as an impostor and vagrant. A correspondent of the Morning Post throws out a suggestion that looks rather ominous for the perpatitic; it seems that in 17-7 an act was passed, designed for the suppression of rogues, vagabonds, and other idle and disorderly persons, such as common beggars, Pipers and Fiddlers. Within the provisions of this act, the Piper in question, it seems will fall, unless he obtains a license from the City Authorities; and the result will be a visit to the House of Correction.—One of our City papers had a long article on this subject one day this week, the purpose of which was to show the very great improbability of the story that has been told of the origin and design of the Piper's peregrinations; and the extreme likelihood that the whole affair is but an ingenious contrivance to raise the wind.—If so, the Piper has been blowing to some purpose, for his collections are said to be very considerable.

### PHIL. M'GEE'S REASONS FOR EMIGRATION.

STREET DIALOGUE.

Scene the wharf, enter Daniel O'Toole, a *native*, meeting Phil M'Gee, a "cousin garman of his own." Just arrived from the sod.

*Daniel O'Toole.* (grasping Phil by the arm, as if he took it for the handle of a sledge hammer.) "Och then, *Musha*, every big bad luck to you Phil my darlin, but sure it is'nt yourself that's in it, at all, at all."

*Phil M'Gee.*—(returning the squeeze)—"Troth avic, an it is, at least all that's left of him after the voyage he had—but how!—what! why as I'm a sinner its Dan O'Toole or the divil. Arrah Dan mabochal is it alive and kicking at all you are, and you all the way out of sweet Kilkullen these six years."

*Dan Toole.*—"Indeed an it is then, and in regard of that same, it's just twixt midin I am like a piece of belly bacon. But Phil *agrah* what news from the *soul*—how is the sweet bridge of Kilkullen, and the sky over it?"

*Phil.*—(with a wink)—"Party well I thank you considering the times, barrin in regard of its having been swept away by a flood last Christmas."

*Dan.*—"*Tareenages!*—Phil do you tell me so, and mine, and Mary's names, and our day of sailing, illegantly cut in copper-plate litters on the coping stone—but say *atic*, what has become of Pat Durfy, of the "Hagg gap?"

*Phil.*—"Not a great deal of good any way, inasmuch as he was hang'd last assizes, on a charge of the crowner's quest, and all for only curing a thief of a *Peeler* (Policeman) of the headache."

*Dan.*—"Troth, I was long of the notion, that gallows Pat would never be able to cheat Jack Ketch of his guinea—but what of his cousin, limping Mat Doogan, of the Mill?"

*Phil.*—"Is it Mat Doogan you mane? Faith joy, he was after dancing a jig to the same tune, only that being a tight lump of a boy, he took his Majesty's eye, and was accordingly sent on *Government duty to Bottomy Bay.*"

*Dan.*—"I suppose that's a ginteel way you have of saying he was transported."

*Phil.*—"Pon my sowkins no!—though to be sure, some ill grudging people used to say so, but then did'nt Judy Costelo see him driving on a coach to Kingstown Harbor, with a guard of soldiers, and sure they would'nt be the fools to go to such expense about a common *convict*." (convict)

*Dan.*—"But what in the name of St. Dinnis druv you to Amerikey?

Phil.—(A sigh preceeded the answer)—Faith nothing in the world but a bar of the ould song, *rent, tithes, taxes*, and an ill-looking thief of an absentee landlord, every sweet bad luck to him. So you see every thing going to the dogs, the King running away with this thing, the peelers running away with that, and the parson and tithe proctor taking all that was left—so sez Mary to me one morning—Phil, avic, sez she, we have nothing to the good now at all at all, and if we stay any longer, its likely we'll have much less, so in the name of God, what do think if we go to Amerikey. Never say it twice Alana sez I, for sure if we have nothing to lose the loss can't be very great any way, and that you know Dan, is one of the advantages a poor man has over his neighbors. Well, with that we trudged off for Liverpool, where we paid our passage money to a thief of an agent, that pack'd us down in the durty howld of a vessel as thick as herring in a tub, and so my dear, there we have been knocked and j olted about the broad say oshan ever since."

*Dan.*—"By that Phil you must have been *lying too* in a storm."

*Phil.*—"Storm did you say! heavens help you Dan, for an Omedhaune, why man a storm wasn't a whistle to it; didn't it blow a real *hardy*-wind, (whirlwind) as the sailors call it every inch of the way, and wouldn't we all have been rackt, and murthered entirely, if it wasn't for the prayers of Jim Docherty, (more wind to him,) who ran over the litany and counted his beads quicker nor you, or I could play jack-stones. And so, as I was saying, between his praying, and the innocent childer's crying, the devil, it appears had no power over the ship, and here we are at last, safe and sound as whole skins, light hearts, empty pockets and hearty appetites can make us, all the glory be to Saint Patrick, and the blessings of Father O'Flannigan the parish priest of KilKullen, heaven be his bed, who gave us a five pound note, and his benediction the day we set out on our thravels;—and between you and I Dan, it wasn't very much over-stocked he was with the conveniences at the same time. But come avic I'm as dry as an oven—is there ever a drop of *Irish*-owen in the neighborhood!"

*Dan.*—"Not a spoonful, at least of a christian-like quality, but if you come into McGowvan's at the corner, I'll trait you to as good a horn of Jamaica as ever wetted an Alderman's whistle."

Here the cousins adjourned to a neighboring tip, while we proceeded to our *garret* to record the history of Phil Magee's first introduction to his friends in America.

### INTERESTING ANECDOTES OF THE HORSE AND DOG.

A correspondent from Cumberland C. H. Virginia has sent us the following anecdotes of those noble animals the Horse and the Dog;—he states them on the authority of an Uncle of his to whom the animals belonged, and who was an eye witness of what is here related. Speaking of his much respected and clerical relative, he says "Some years ago he had a favorite brood Mare, at once the most mischievous and sagacious of quadrupeds. She was grazing one day in company with another Mare who it appears, was tired or the herbage on her own pasture and cast a longing eye, as the Sex will sometimes do, on the luxurient growth of an adjoining neighbors land. Being unable to open the gate, she tried to attract the notice of her fellow grazer, and then walked again towards the gate. Failing however to tempt her from her feeding that time, she once more approached and lured her to the gate, as if conscious that she was able to assist her in getting through. My Uncle assures me that his Mare, leisurely walked to the Gate, raised the latch with her teeth, and after holding the gate open till her companion had passed, very quietly resumed her interrupted meal.

"This was done in the sight and presence of the old Gentleman, who further states that it was her custom to go to the Corn house, and if the key was in the door, turn it with her teeth, open the door and very composedly help herself."

"The anecdote of the Dog is so strange that I should hesitate to send it were I not so well satisfied of its truth. To my mind it is one of the strongest proofs I ever heard of the capacity of the Dog to judge the feelings of Man by his outward signs."—Our kind correspondent need not fear the scepticism of any one acquainted with the almost intellectual sagacity of the Dog, for hundreds of instances are recorded of their refusal to approach even their greatest favorites when disease or death had set its mark upon their features,—the anecdote continues thus.

"My Uncle had been confined for some months with severe rheumatism, and for a week or two his life was despaired of. During the whole of this time a favorite hound came to his room every morning and looked earnestly into his face. Noticing this attention of his Dog, the old gentleman endeavored to get him to his bed side, not only by kind expressions, but by every species of coaxing, and even the offering of wanted food,—but it was in vain,—as long as he continued ill, the Dog invariably shrunk from all his caresses, and ran away out of the house. One morning however, he came to the door as usual, and the moment he saw his master's face, he sprang upon the bed, and licked and fondled him with every demonstration of attachment and delight. Two friends of my uncle were in the room at the time who had marked the behavior of the Dog on this and former occasions, and the old gentleman addressing them said—"Friends, I feel assured I shall soon be well." A great change has taken place in my symptoms during the night, and the instinct of this faithful creature confirms my hope that I shall soon again be with you well and sound."—and very shortly his words were verified.

These, Messrs. Editors, are what I consider very near approaches to reason,—and should you think them worthy of insertion, I shall be much gratified at having added my mite to so interesting and valuable a paper as Iconsider yours. And let me hope that the truth of what I relate will partially atone for the rough manner in which it is told, for I am yet unskilled to couple words or frame smooth sentences. Yours most respectfully, G. B. G.

NOTE.—We shall always be happy to hear from our friendly correspondent, whose interesting *matter* would amply compensate for much rudeness of *manner*, which in fact, is only to be found in his diffident opinion of his own powers.

### LONDON POLICE.

Two respectable young men, who are in an eminent merchant's office, appeared before the Lord Mayor, the one to complain against the other for an assault.

The complainant stated that in consequence of some words which he and the defendant had, the defendant struck him.

The Lord Mayor—What, without provocation?

Complainant—Without immediate provocation, my Lord.

The Lord Mayor—Well, tell me what sort of provocation it was, whether immediate or remote.

Complainant—There were words between us on the subject of the bill in Parliament of Sir somebody Agnew, on the better observance of the Sabbath. (A laugh.)

The Lord Mayor—A very odd subject to come to blows about! However, as it was upon such a subject you quarrelled, I am sure the religious feelings of both will impress upon you the necessity of going no further with the matter.

Defendant—The fact is, my Lord, he taunted me with want of spirit because I did not resent his injurious phraseology at the moment.

The Lord Mayor—And you to prove you were a man of courage, gave him a thump on the head. (Laughter.)

Defendant—Exactly, my Lord. That reason I did not strike him the instant he offended me, was that our principals were in the next office, and of course I did not wish to let them know any thing about our dispute.

The Lord Mayor—But how could you fall out upon such a question? The very name of anything that had a connexion with religion ought, at this time of day, to have prevented any feeling of animosity.

Defendant—He first called me a blackguard.

Complainant—I never thought you one, nor said so. I only said it was the act of a blackguard for you to strip off your coat in the street and offer to fight, and I think so still.

Defendant—My Lord, he was not satisfied with saying that, but he called me an infidel, and that I couldn't stand. (Laughter.)

The Lord Mayor—It was certainly a capital way of showing that you were of the true faith to give your friend a whack.

Defendant—I said that I thought the French acted more rationally in their arrangements about Sunday than we did in England, and he told me that he considered the French were a gang of infidels, and I was not a bit better. I couldn't stand that at all. (Laughter.)

The Lord Mayor—Now I'll tell you what it is. I believe every word each of you says, for it is evident you are both gentlemen, and I am convinced you bear no animosity to each other.

Both—Not the least in the world.

The Lord Mayor—Then I'll tell you what my decision shall be. Will you abide by it?

Both—Certainly, my Lord.

The Lord Mayor—Why, then, shake hands, like a pair of good-hearted honest fellows as you are.

The parties looked at each other for a moment, and then cordially shook hands.

The crowd in the justice room burst out into laughter at seeing the reconciliation so easily effected, whereupon the complainant and defendant, as if apprehensive that they were dropping their dignity before the mob, let go each other's hand, and walked out of the room apparently on fresh terms of indignation.

It was however observed by one of the officers, that as soon as they got into the street they went homewards arm in arm.

The New Orleans Bee of the 23d ult. says—"yesterday we experienced a very severe storm in this city, which caused considerable damage to the shipping in port. Sixteen ships, we understand were driven from their moorings: and the ship Gen. Shand, had her mizen mast carried away."

*Five Thousand Girls.*—Among other tokens of respect which will be *shown* to the President and Vice President, about five thousand of the fairest of the fair, unmarried, and young, elegantly dressed in white, will join a procession to meet and greet them on their arrival in this town.—*Lowell Mer.*

### A VISIT TO BEDLAM.

I went into a yard appropriated to those who had been acquitted of various crimes on the ground of insanity. Some were walking to and fro, singly and in groups; many were sitting about in the sun, conversing on common topics; one was practising a pirouette; another took off his hat every ten paces, threw it in the air, then dropped rapidly on his knees, assumed the attitude of vehement supplication for the smallest possible division of time, arose before the hat fell, and attempted to catch it, not with his hands, but his head. He frequently succeeded, for long practice had rendered him skilful at this strange, mad, miserable game. A third, with his hands fettered to an iron band belted about his loins, entreated me to give him a few halfpence to buy tobacco. The keeper whispered his crime in my ear, and I shrank from him with mortal disgust. A pale attenuated creature, of gentlemanly manners, offered me snuff; we talked for a few moments as to the relative merits of Bolongaro and Hardham's Thirty-Seven, and an exchange of boxes was the climax of our conversation.

Many years before, I had been present at the trial of a man for an attempt to kill his wife, after having lived with her in uninterrupted concord for almost half a century. She was the principal witness: the case was clearly proved, and the judge called on the prisoner for his defence. It amounted to a simple denial of the imputed crime. Aggravated at this, the poor wife rushed up to the bar, exclaiming with a simplicity that even affected the clerk of the arraigns: "Oh! John, will thee make me out a liar too! Hasn't there done enough! He's *mad*, gentlefolks, he is truly!"

And over those iron spikes which surrounded that terrific pew the old pair thrust out their gaunt and shrivelled arms, and in a convulsive hug forgot their mutual misery. They had nine children, all of whom were dead but one; and he, the youngest, was supposed to be far away, fighting as a corporal of Sepoys, in the torrid East.

"Mad!" exclaimed the Judge, "what does the poor woman mean? How is this?" "Oh! my lord," said an old man, in a timid faltering tone, "he has been mad, off and on, these two years."—"I'm sorry to hear witness against a neighbor, but truth is truth."

The Jury rose—the barristers rose—the whole court rose, and the Judge energetically exclaimed, "Man, come forward! Good God! we might have capitally convicted—we might have legally murdered him!—Had the wife dropped the least hint—poor ignorant creature—that he was insane——"

"I be'ant insane," blubbered the aged prisoner, raising his head from his wife's shoulder. "I be'ant mad," he vociferated, still hugging the decrepid darling of his youthful days: "I be worse—I've had a fall—I be wicked—I knew what I was about. You *may* deceive yourselves, but you can't deceive me." The human rock had been touched by the mystic rod: his tears had gushed out; but whatever might be his present state, it was satisfactorily shown that he had been a lunatic; and he was accordingly sentenced not to death, but to be disposed of as His Majesty should think fit.

I found the old man in Bethlehem: *he had wept himself blind.* The keeper, who wore a clean smock frock, observed that he did nothing but cry; *that he was washing himself away*—I use the man's own words—that, not having handkerchiefs sufficient to sop up his tears, he had taken to the skirts of his coat, and they were consequently as dripping all day as though he had been in a boat, and heedlessly allowed them to hang over the gunwale! I'm sorry for it, but I can't deny that I laughed heartily, recklessly, desperately, at the fellow's exaggeration.

My cacchinations, and they were quite involuntary—I could not have smothered them had I been in a mourning coach—unfortunately awoke a wretched maniac in a cell below. I did not look through the bars, to which many of the madmen flocked to see the tiger in his cage; but I fancied him, stretched upon straw, stark naked, and horribly writhing under a metal fetter upon every one of his muscles. His voice was that of a fallen archangel. There was a mysterious, an appalling muchness in it. Every sound that he uttered was dreadfully pictorial.—Physically, I merely heard him; but mentally, I saw Sampson struggling! He must have been superhuman. He was an Italian; yet he uttered nothing like the Tuscan. He had a language of his own; it bore no affinity to any among those which are spoken by the sane; still it was intelligible—the heart understood it. His theme was evidently sublime wrath, and colossal agony. His groans were Satanic; his despair was equal to that of the destroyed Saturn. An imaginative man may fancy what would be the bitter bellowings of an African Lion found down by the grisly horors of his mane to those sands which he was accustomed to spurn; but they would be gentle as the cooings of a dove compared with *the ocean roar* of this maniac. It was awful; it was sublime; it seemed to have no origin; to be without end; it was, to the soul, eternal. It gave the bodily ear an idea of one of the million tremendous choristers, who excited by intensity of anguish, make the vault of a Presbyterian hell vibrate with their horrible glees. Would that I had never heard it!

The greatest part of those who surrounded me seemed so calm and rational, that I ventured to ask the keeper if he thought they were all *really* mad? "No more mad, sir," he replied, "than you or I: their infernal passions and propensities make them appear so. When a man commits a crime he is regularly hung, but if his offence be perpetrated under circumstances of *original* atrocity, he is inferred to be insane, and consequently saved. Nine-tenths of the fellows here are mere monsters of iniquity: there are indeed a few poor wretches who labor under delusions which it is impossible to eradicate—I'll show you a specimen."

I followed him to a cage which contained a common-looking man in a freeze coat, gray breeches, and mottled worsted stockings. "There" said he, "is a mad murderer: he came here because he killed a pedler. He would take as much delight in destroying you as a cat would in killing a mouse." The keeper retired for a few minutes, and the madman walked to the substantial grating. "Don't believe him, sir," said he; "he is a brutal villain. This morning he beat me to such a degree that I was mashed into the circumference of a pint-pot: no thanks to him that I have recovered my proper dimensions."

*Podcan Miseries.*—Gout is a dignified disease, and there is an air of luxury about the very "appliances and means," by which its victims are surrounded: but there are other painful affections of the feet which many are ashamed to acknowledge, and which few are disposed to pity. Look at that lovely sylphlike *elegante*—see how she treads the fairy mazes of the dance on the "light fantastic toe." Alas! every step she takes sends a thrill of agony to her brain: she has *corns* upon those pretty feet. What a neat pair of boots that spruce-looking gentleman wears. Yes, he is striving to appear quite at ease, and unconscious of inconvenience, whilst those very boots are torturing and aggravating a neglected *bunnion*. That young man hobbles along in pain; he has a toe-nail which grows into the adjacent integuments. And are these maladies incurable?

*The last Anecdote.*—"Who's that are Mr. Scattering that always gets a few votes at our town meetings," inquired an old lady a few days since of her spouse, as she was busily engaged in perusing a new paper. "I don't know," said he, "nor I never did, though the people have been trying to elect him ever since I first began to vote."

### SPIRITUOUS LIQUORS.

"A great outcry has been raised of late against these liquors by the Temperance Societies, while they patronise the use of wines and malt liquors. This is a distinction without a difference. Every description of spirituous or fermented liquor, when taken in excess, is injurious to health. It is true, however, that dram-drinking is the most baneful. It is proscribed for the laboring classes, though allowable for the affluent in the shape of liqueurs. A moderate use of ardent spirits, in a diluted state, is beneficial.

"WINES.—Wine was first used by Noah; and Pliny informs us that it was indecorous for the Roman women to taste this fluid. Its chemical composition consists of water, alcohol, acid, tartar, saccharine matter, extract, aroma, and colouring matter. Alcohol varies as to quantity: the strong, rich, and full-bodied, wines yield one third of spirit, while thin, light wines yield but one-sixteenth. Brandy, the spirit of wine, is made by distilling that fluid.

"Sweet wines are very nutritious, but disagree with most stomachs, from their tendency to undergo the acetous fermentation. Wine acts as an astringent and antiseptic on dead animal matter. Rhenish wine contains carbonic acid and supertartrate of potass, and has been said to diminish fullness of habit, and to be of use in calculous disorders. Champaigne contains a great quantity of carbonic acid, and hence induces intoxication very quickly. Burgundy, also, produces intoxication rapidly, and is said to be more nutritious than the other wines. Claret contains sixteen per cent of alcohol, causes pains in the limbs similar to gout, by deranging the stomach. Italian wines contain much alcohol and saccharine matter. Hock and genuine port contain twenty-three per cent. of alcohol. Madeira and sherry contain an equal quantity of spirit, and hence are recommended at present in fevers and dyspepsia. Wine increases the animal heat, exhilarates the spirits, renews strength, promotes digestion, and the expulsion of excretions. There are various sorts of wine which Pliny beautifully describes in these words, "tot vina quot agri," and are further diversified by age, taste, smell, and color, and they affect the organs differently.

*Anecdote of Handel.*—When Handel was staying at Chester, on his way to Ireland, he applied to the organist to know whether there were any choirmen in the Cathedral who could sing at sight, as he wished to try the chorusses which he intended to perform in Ireland. The organist mentioned some of the best singers, and among the rest a printer of the name of Janson, who had a good bass voice. A time was fixed for this private rehearsal, but alas! on trial of the chorus in the Messiah, "and with his stripes we are healed," poor Janson, after repeated attempts failed so egregiously, that Handel, after swearing in four or five languages, cried out in broken English, "You schaunirel, tit not you dell me dat you could sing at soite?" "Yes, sir, says the printer," and so I can; but not at *first* sight.

*A Calculation.*—Some pains-taking citizen has made a calculation that there are 400,000 segar-smokers in the United States, that puff away 9,000,000 of dollars annually. The same calculator makes 600,000 chewers, and 500,000 snuffers, whose amiable propensities cost annually seven millions!

### HOW TO LIVE LONG.

"RULES FOR TAKING FOOD.—Food should be taken whenever there is an appetite; and this is the only rule that can be laid down as to the proper time for the different meals.

"It is of the greatest importance that our aliment should be properly divided, or, as the faculty have it, masticated and taken slowly.

"Eating fast, or *bolting*, is highly injurious, because the food is not properly divided, or chewed; and hence it is acted on with difficulty by the fluid in the stomach, called gastric fluid. The effects will be an incomfortable sensation in the stomach, flatulence, heartburn, listlessness, low spirits, indigestion. All professional men, those who follow sedentary employments, as tradesmen and men of business, labor under indigestion, lowness of spirits, or, to use a popular phrase, *blue devils*. They fancy ten thousand evils, a host of incurable diseases, a series of imaginary misfortunes, and that all men are in open war with them: loss of health, incurable disease, utter ruin, mendicancy, and the workhouse, are all in prospective. The proper mastication of food, is an effectual remedy for these evils.

"It is highly detrimental to take too much drink at meals, as this dilutes the gastric fluid and weakens it, thereby rendering it incapable of dissolving the food in the stomach. The French take wine during dinner, the English afterwards; and the consequence is, that the former, notwithstanding the heterogeneous and divers articles they take, are less blue devilish than our countrymen.

"Wine, taken with food, stimulates the stomach, increases the gastric fluid, and promotes digestion; but when taken freely after dinner, dilutes the gastric fluid, and impedes digestion.

"It is wrong to take exercise for two hours after a full meal.

"Food should not be taken to satiety at any repast.

"Dyspeptics, or those whose appetite is capricious or diminished, should attent

**New-York**
**TRAVELLER, TIMES & JOURNAL.**

"Laugh at the jests, or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;
Or press the bashful stranger to his food—
And learn the luxury of doing good."

**SATURDAY EVENING, June 22, 1833.**

The undersigned begs to inform the Subscribers and Friends of this Paper, that in order the better to deserve and increase the patronage so liberally bestowed on it, he has associated with him as joint Editor and Proprietor Mr. John Inman, whose established reputation in the Literary world is a sufficient proof that this Journal must reap advantage from such an arrangement.

CHARLES J. B. FISHER.

The undersigned respectfully informs his friends and the public that he has entered into an arrangement with the proprietor of this paper by which he has become associated in its management, and interested in its prosperity. It will hereafter be conducted by the late sole Editor and himself for their joint benefit, and as they hope for the pleasure and advantage of their readers. To his personal friends, the undersigned will hold himself under especial obligations for support and encouragement in the undertaking upon which he has thus engaged, assuring them that his endeavors shall be assiduously and zealously applied to the furtherance of their enjoyment as readers in return for the kindness they may display towards him by becoming subscribers; to those whose asquaintance he has not the pleasure of enjoying, he will only say that he hopes time will give him that satisfaction in his editorial at least, if not in his individual character.

JOHN INMAN.

New-York, June 22d, 1833.

The Editors and proprietors of the Traveller and Spirit of the Times, in announcing the arrangement which has united them in those capacities, respectfully solicit the countenance and support of their friends and well-wishers.—They are aware that "performance is better than promise," and will not therefore take up the time of their readers with extensive professions of what they intend to accomplish; they are grateful for the encouragement their paper has already received, and will do their best to deserve the Editors' universal desire, "continuance and increase of subscribers," by sending forth weekly, a pleasant, readable paper.

## THE EVENTS OF THE DAY.

Somebody has remarked that the first want of the Americans in general, and of the good people of New York in particular, is something to do; the second, something to talk about. Supposing this to be true, the last fortnight has been a joyful time for our fellow citizens, seeing that materials both for action and conversation have been abundant.—We have had among us the President and a great Indian Chief; a balloon has gone up and come down again; and what with one startling event and another, we have been kept on the *qui vive* from morning till night, and from night till morning again. Trials of vast interest have been terminated; the Duchess de Berri has contributed her quota to the population of the world, and John Randolph has departed, leaving a blank behind him which will not soon be filled. These, and a hundred other incidents of less general interest, have in succession afforded occasion for the indulgence of that universal appetite for comment and speculation, with which we are charged, and we are willing to own, not unjustly. Each in its turn has enjoyed its brief moment of popularity, and now the general cry is "what next." The President has gone on his way, gathering smiles and honest assurances of welcome, and reaping the harvest of his well-earned renown; the fearless voyager, whose towering ambition despises the earth and the ocean, has turned his steps to the south, intent we presume upon glory and gain; Black Hawk and his party have seen all the sights and been talked at, and stared at, and talked about until there is nothing more to be said or seen; the gallant militia have basked in the smiles of beauty and the hot sunshine, to the full satisfaction of even their appetite for glory; and now we are all ready for the grand question of "What next?" The contested elections have furnished their due share of excitement, and Ex-Sheriff Parkins has been set at large with the consoling assurance that he is not crazy; Mr. Barry has had his benefit; the Kembles are turning their faces northward; the new opera house is not yet finished; Sir Thomas Beevor has sailed for England; the man with the beard has become an old story, and the world of New York is agape for something to talk about.

The Cholera still lingers along the streams of the west, and the Grippe has not yet crossed the Atlantic; nullification has been as a thrice told tale any time these six months, and the insatiable public has begun to be tired of Randolph and his reminiscences; what is to come next? Happily for us all the fourth of July is at hand with its dinners, its speeches, its toasts and its parades; in a few days we shall know whether the Standard is really to be discontinued, and whether the Knickerbacker is or is not to be edited by Mr. Flint; these will fill up the time til the glorious fourth, and then the whole city will rejoice in a tumult of punch, eloquence, glory and patriotism.

## JOHN RANDOLPH.

Ever since the decease of the celebrated original of Roanoke, the newspapers in various parts of the country have vied with each other in sketches of his character, anecdotes, reminiscences, and remarkable sayings. Some of these are sufficiently characteristic, and of course odd and amusing: one of the best is recorded in the American, and develops a curious feature in the mental organization of President Jefferson.—The Philosopher, it seems, prided himself much on his skill at chess, and often invited Randolph to the contest: Roanoke however declined, knowing that he could beat the challenger; at last he was prevailed on to play a game, and won it as he expected—the consequence was the loss of Jefferson's friendship.

When Randolph was on his passage to Russia on board the Concord, he gave to one of the officers copies of his correspondence with the Executive relative to his appointment, and also of his instructions, with copious remarks in his own hand, some of which are sufficiently pungent and Randolphian: these documents have been carefully preserved, and we have hopes of obtaining permission to copy some portions into our columns; should we succeed, we venture to promise our readers no small fund of amusement.

## A NEW COLOR.

In one of our exchange papers we find a description of Black Hawk as he appeared at Norfolk, which states among other particulars that "his ears were ornamented with a profusion of black and white beads, and surrounded by a broad stripe of *white vermilion* painted on the flesh." We are somewhat puzzled to form an idea of this white red; it is worse than a green blackberry.

## THE RECORD OFFICE.

The sixth and last of the pillars prepared for the front of the Record Office was put up on Thursday: the effect from Chatham street and the Park is very fine we admit, but it does seem a little odd that six such masses of marble should support nothing heavier than a wooden portico.

## A VISIT TO AN AFRICAN KING.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED VOLUME OF TRAVELS.

After breakfast I went with my friend the Frenchman to pay a visit to the King, who resides in a part of the town walled in for his seraglio or household. Having arrived at the *palace*, we had to mount a rudely constructed ladder which required great care in handling: we were then ushered into a spacious bed-room, very neatly built of plank, the walls being partly covered with pieces of looking glass, and numerous little colored engravings, most of which were turned upside down. He also possessed several chairs of European manufacture; these costly articles were held in high estimation, and were the envy of surrounding princes! They had been given to him as a kind of bonus, previous to commencing traffic, by the masters of slave and other traders, he having in his royal will established a law that "no Captain of any vessel shall make trade until he has paid an introductory fee." After waiting in this room a few minutes, his majesty entered—but without a flourish of trumpets. His royal niggership appeared verging on sixty, extremely stout, and suffering greatly from elephantiasis, each of his legs being the size of a moderate man's body. The whimsicality of his costume produced a commotion in my risible muscles, which I was fearful might hurt the royal feelings: it was composed of a long narrow robe or piece of cloth, which served him for jacket, trowsers and every thing; this garment of many occupations was wrapped loosely round his corpulent figure, with his bare arms hanging outside, having forced their way out by means of a couple of slits in the cloth; sleeves being too great an effort of genius for the tailors of Fetish town. Through an occasional opening might be observed a sad lack of linen, or if any existed, it was of the same complexion with his face. The majestic head was partly covered by an old brown beaver hat, with a portion of the rim hanging over one ear, and the front strangely distorted, the hat being squeezed on a head about twice as large as it was originally intended for. His royal feet were destitute of any covering whatever, he not having yet added a pair of shoes to his regalia. This was the whole of his gear, and probably of his wardrobe.—His majesty most graciously shook me by the hand, and then conducted me to the head of the room, where seating himself, he desired an attendant to bring me a chair, which being done, a short pause ensued as usual, when he commenced by asking through an interpreter "what news there was abroad." This was uttered in a mild friendly tone, as if the prelude to a long conversation. I must confess this general question rather puzzled me at first; but feeling confident that the inquirer did not know France from America, I answered in the first words that came, to the effect that nothing had occurred since the Dutch had taken Holland. He appeared much pleased with this answer, and I have no doubt, though I took him for a well informed king, as having been able to ask a question which admitted of a reply; and like a wise general he said no more lest he should lose the laurels he had gained. I then stated my expectation of the ship's arrival in the afternoon, when the captain would probably pay him a visit; he replied that he should be very happy to see him, and would supply us with any thing we might require which the place would afford. Here our conference ended, and having again shaken hands, we descended the ladder.

This kingly personage is, it appears, a great *bon vivant*, and drinks brandy by tumblers full with as much satisfaction as any young lady sips tea. He is also possessed of about three hundred wives, some of whom, report said, were very fine women: but report here is black, and as thick lips and flat noses are the fashion in this part of the world, my curiosity was not sufficiently excited to induce me to risk my head in order to obtain a peep at the dismal beauties of his harem—The goverment of this despot is of the most arbitrary nature, and he takes off heads for the most trifling offences; nay, I was told that when in the humor, he is not very particular whether the unfortunate victim has committed any—He has one very striking peculiarity in majesty, which is a great delight in performing with his own hand the duties of executioner; whether this arises from motives of economy or a ratio nal taste for such refined amusements, I am not able to say: but it is affirmed that this Kingly Jack Ketch sometimes decapitates half a dozen of his loving subjects before breakfast.

## THINGS THAT ARE TRUE.

*It is true*—though few are acquainted with the fact, that the President of the United States actually passed through this city last week:—for we have conversed with several persons who saw and knew him, in spite of the pains which were taken to conceal his presence.

*It is true* that we have to thank Genl. Jackson for the first good sweeping our streets have endured for a long time—and also that we must make much of it, for as the age of miracles is past, such a wonder is not likely to occur again soon.

*It is true* that Mr. Durant is constructing some new fashioned paddles to be appended to his Balloon that he may be enabled "to sail like a Witch in the eye of the Wind."

*It is true* that Black Hawk and his party prefer sleeping *under* their beds, to resting *on* them: but it is uncertain whether it is a matter of taste, or mistake,—as they were told they were there, not as prisoners but only as *board*-ers.

## THINGS THAT ARE DOUBTFUL.

*It is doubtful* whether the splendid Broadway Furniture will fetch *more* than three times its value, notwithstanding it has been so lately used by General Jackson.

*It is doubtful* now whether Ex-Sheriff Parkins will ever become President of the United States.

*It is doubtful* whether Graham's Bread and Water doctrines would find willing disciples even in Sing Sing.

*It is doubtful* whether the Bostonians have got up a better reception for the President than he had here, notwithstanding their threat to swallow up our poor Battery by opening the mouths of their far famed Common.

*It is doubtful* whether the "Wandering Piper" is a Duke in Disguise, or a rogue in reality:—but it is no longer doubtful that he finds his account. "*among the profits*," by thus employing these "piping times of peace."

## THINGS THAT ARE *NOT* TRUE.

*It is not true* that Mr. Van Buren sawed away the timbers from the Battery Wall in order to a-bridge the term of the Presidency.

*It is not true* that the Prophet has foretold that Gotham in the year 18—, will become the seat of a Monarchical Government:—nor that Fashion intends to crown her Idol by the title of Queen "Frances the first."

*It is not true* that Mr. Durant in his late trip to the clouds called on the Man in the Moon:—nor is it a fact that that profile gentleman assured him that the Ladies of Luna wore longer clothes than those of New-York.

*It is not true* that our streets are going to be cleansed again this year.

*It is not true* that the Battery is going to remove to the Washington Parade Ground,—or that the Gothamites intend on its present site to make something of Clay in honor of Jackson.

*Supporters of the Church.*—The Church of St. Catherine Coleman is supported on its right and left by a Jew's synagogue and a public house!

## A RAINY DAY IN PARIS.

FROM AN OLD MSS. JOURNAL.

A rainy day! powers of painting, poetry and sculpture! which of you can do justice to the miseries of a rainy day in Paris? what but memory can duly conceive the horrible minutiae of that most unearthly of human afflictions? My curtains were close drawn till a late hour; I distinctly heard Baptiste come in at the usual time to make my fire—I could even dimly perceive his motions through the half opened door, as he passed from one part of my drawing room to another, in the prosecution of the nameless, indescribable duties of his morning avocation. But I had a *sentiment* that it was raining—the damp breath of the demon had penetrated even to my sanctuary—the clock seemed to tick louder and louder every moment—it struck! but still I clung to my place of refuge—alas, miseries must be encountered! man cannot be abed forever even in Paris—breakfast must be eaten when it is brought. I am up and dressed; at least I have indued my nether habiliments, my slippers, my waistcoat, and my morning gown. I am shaved—all the commands of personal neatness have been scrupulously fulfilled—I am at breakfast. Madame la Cuisiniere, your coffee is unimpeachable this morning; the roll is fresh and baked to an instant, and the butter is heavenly. But my joys are tinged with a dash of disaster—the rain, the rain! Do I not hear the eternal monotonous, hopeless, patter, patter, patter upon the resounding tin roof of the market that lies spread out like an encamptment, beneath my window? And when for an instant, the murmuring sound of the passing vehicles is hushed, and the voices of the drenched marketwomen cease for a brief moment, do I not hear the cold, heart-chilling dash of the big drops upon the slippery pavement! The winds roar above my chimney top, and the smoke dares not venture forth in the face of the blast. Ha! that was a blinding puff! but I cannot blame the curling vapor, for I too cling to the shelter of the house. But is there no hope? will not the sun come forth once more in his majesty, and put to flight the demons of the flood? Vain expectation! there is no blue cloud of promise in the sky, no cheering flash of sunbeams to waken in the heart one thought of clearing up—all above is dark, and dull, and leaden—and the vast expanse of heaven seems covered with one sheet of dreary vapor. But hark! there is the sound of footsteps; the clattering sabots thumping and splashing as the baker's boy scuttles away thro' the pitiless pelting of the storm. Where are now the blind beggars that used to pass every morning under my window, with a punctuality from which most clocks might take an example? gone, all gone; and the little sweep? I have not yet heard his doleful cry—all have yielded to the fury of the elements except that eternal water-seller: it is his element; his life is spent among streams, and wells, and all watery places, and he fears not the pouring of the deluge; his pails are filled from the heavens, so that half his daily task is saved: his dolorous voice mingles with the gusty howlings of the wind, and the splash of the rain drops, and the gurgling of the gutters, and the gibbet-like creaking of the lamps, suspended over the middle of the street, and swinging and fluttering about in the face of heaven—and the unhappy donkey that inhabits that small shed—his song is even more touching and mournful than it was—it is clear that his sensibilities are no proof against the horrors of the day, and his loud complaints declare the heavy pressure of his sorrow. But what? did not my eyes deceive me? was that indeed a gleam of sunshine? blest omen, with joyful heart I welcome thee—the clouds are passing away, and the winds will soon be still, and I, like a released prisoner, will go forth and enjoy the unexpected blessing. D.

## ELEGY ON A FROG.

Alas poor Frog! and has th' unerring dart
Of Death relentless pierced thy little breast,
And stilled for aye the throbbing of thy heart?—
Then peaceful sleep and dreamless be thy rest.

No more along the streamlet's weedy shore
Thy graceful form in glittering pride shall bound;
Thy dolorous voice at blushing eve no more
Adown the vale in harmony resound.—

Ah! dimmed and marred is now thy gay green coat,
Thy golden eye is closed in wakeless sleep,
And death's cold hand has grasped thy tuneful throat—
Its swelling notes are hushed in silence deep.

The murmuring night wind o'er thy grassy grave
Shall breathe a gentle sigh, and mournfully
Above thy head the pensive elm shall wave,
And sadly shed a dewy tear for thee.

The young spring violet's lovely azure eye
Shall weep at morning and forget thee not;
The rippling streamlet as it wanders by
Shall fling a silver wave to kiss the spot.

Thither slow hopping shall at eve repair
The speckled band in wreaths of cypress clad,
To mourn their brightest dark in death, and there
Thy motley love shall croak thy requiem sad.

## A RAT, A RAT.

We find the following curious paragraph in one of our exchange papers, from the interior of Pennsylvania.

"A rat in descending the river yesterday, came in contact with the steam boat William Penn, and did her some slight injury; the damage would have been serious if it had not been for the exertions of the hands on board the steam boat."

We have heard of a whale staving in the bow of a ship, and of a sword-fish piercing the planks of a stout West Indiaman; but the rat has beaten both whale and sword-fish: the shock must have been tremendous. It has been decided we believe that damage by rats is not one of the perils covered by policies of insurance, and that it must be specially mentioned to entitle the shipper or owner to recover from the underwriters.

Perhaps, however, the rat in the paragraph above quoted, was accidentally printed for raft.

## BEEF! BEEF! BEEF!

Their gallic neighbors "many a time and oft" have reproached the English nation for their partiality to "Roast Beef," "Roast Beef," and good room there is and was for thinking they must be pretty well made up of Butcher's meat, for we find that in London alone the consumption of Beef, Mutton and Pork is—prodigious. There are 150,000 oxen consumed annually, 50,000 juniors of the same family, called calves,—700,000 full grown sheep, and 250,000 of their little ones. While 200,000 of the unclean beasts are roasted, boiled and dried, to give flavor to the more insipid food.

The value of all this butcher's meat is estimated at eight millions, five hundred thousand pounds,—a considerable sum to share among the blue aprons, and graziers. 360,000 tons of Fish are said to be brought into London in the year with poultry, butter and cheese, too numerous to mention. The gallons of Ale and Porter amount *only* to 72 millions, the ditto of Spirits only just eleven millions, added to 65,000 pipes of Wine. What glowing visions of Punch and Port rise up at the enumeration!—But the ladies have their share of the drinking too, for their Tea Tables &c. require 7 millions, nine hundred thousand gallons of Milk. We wonder what portion of a Londoner's time must be consumed in consuming:—it must occupy at least twenty six hours per diem,—and then what's to become of their digestions!

We know not how many *omnibuses* there are in London, but we perceive that the driver of No. 3,926 has been fined for carelessness.

## A SUNDAY AT HOBOKEN.

"Will you come to the bower I have shaded for you,
Your bed shall be roses all spangled with dew."

Allow me sir, to suppose you safely arrived at Hoboken, and Miss —— *but mum*—we would'nt mention her name for the world, for who knows but the young lady may be taking the trip "*under the rose*," at the blind side of a surly old father; and heaven forfend, that we should put any young gentleman to the risk of dying an old bachelor by revealing his love secrets.

Well then we'll suppose you safely ashore, and flapping the dust from Mademoiselles sandals with a cambric kerchief carefully kept apart for that purpose. We next discover you seated at your ease under one of Swift's arbors, and sipping a —— but no, it's too cold as yet for ice, and rather too warm for *brandy*; besides, it's to be presumed the lady don't drink brandy on any terms; and so to be as near the mark as possible, we'll let you off with a mint julep, or a glass of wine and water. This being discussed, and the few honey, and very secret communications, that of course follow on the strength of it, up ye get, and off ye set for the Elysian Fields.

"And oh if there be an Elysium on earth,
It is this—it is this."

Thus far we have escorted you, and now, deeming that our company might be intrusive, as a third person generally spoils sport, we leave you to your own felicity—to draw comparisons between that azure heaven, and your lady's eyes—between the odours, stolen from the young flowers by the roguish zephyr that is now wooing the gossimer drapery on your lady's bosom, and her balmy breath—and between—but perchance you might deem it a libel on her beauty to compare even the living sun himself to your ladies smiles—adieu.

Now for to revel in the glory of this paradise by ourself—for alas! what young lady would place herself under the wing of a musty *brain spinner*, who goes a ruralising, more for the purpose of making *items*, than of making love. However, we have one comfort any way; being no lady's private property, we can make bold to take a peep under every body's bonnet that comes in our way, without running the risk of getting our ears pulled, or having the teapots *broken on our heads* for our presumption.

Well, here we have taken cognizance of four and twenty little ladies in four and twenty seconds, and tumbled heels over head in love with every one of them.—What a very extraordinary thing, this love is, particularly in *warm weather*! Heigh ho! there is no resource for us but a glass of *ice cream*—Ice cream is the sovereigns't remedy on earth for making an old bachelor, do you know it. Signs by it, we seldom hear of an elopement taking place at the North Pole; or of a young Laplander hanging himself in his mistresses garters, on the strength, perchance of seeing her stamping rather suspiciously on his *rival's* toe at a late tea party. Oh! no—these northern gentlemen are the most down right, *reasonable*, *consistent*, unsentimental, wretches imaginable: But then, to be sure the ladies "*down at zero*" are not over and above calculated to produce contrary effects,—Only look at this, five feet of perfection fluttering towards us!—rather short to be sure, but with all, is she not sufficient to create a palpitation, and a flame in the heart of an icicle?—Alabaster forehead, rainbow brow, and her eyes

"Oh they resemble
Blue water lillies in the breeze"

eternally leaping about from one object to another and apparently catching new glories from them all. But what shall we say about cheeks, and lips! Descend upon us, all ye gods, and goddesses of lillies, roses, and tulips, and help us to a simile—But avast there!—perchance it may be just as well not to trouble ye this morning, as the task we were going to essay is extremely dangerous, for who knows, but after a very graphic and scientific treatise on the subject we might have the mortification of discovering we had been all the time paying homage to the brilliant qualities of a sixpenny packet of *French rouge*.

But who is this? an angel by gemini! though south to say, she takes up more than her own share of the pathway. We have often heard of a person with a mighty *soul*, but this lady has the double pleasure of having a pair of them. What an extent of *understanding*! and what an inexpressible pity it never underwent the Chinese process of modeling. Mercy on us how she turns up her nose at us! as much as to say, we should fix our affections on things above; or in other words, give to her eyes, the attention we have just now been paying to her ancles! Madam we will prove your most devoted servant by obeying your mandate to a letter, and indeed taking all the pencillings, paintings and other fashionable arrangements that some young ladies' faces are heir too, into consideration, we must say, that Miss N——, of Whitehall street has a countenance of loveliness that makes full amends for a pair of the ugliest feet in the universe.

* * * * * * *

We will look no more!—the force of attraction in the gravity of a pretty eye or instep, is truly alarming; more especially on those who are obliged to draw upon their *brains* for the accommodation of their *palates*. There now—only think of it—Miss N. and that other little merry vixen, with the roving eye have actually run away with all the inspiration we have been imbibing from hill, river, meadow, and ocean. The spirit of patience be our ministering angel in this moment of perplexity as we sojourn to the waters for a fresh supply, trusting that no wicked young lady will be for making her own of it, before we have it safely deposited in the hands of the printer.

* * * * *

What a paradise is this! How indescribably beautiful, and how refreshing to the soul, the emotions its trancendant loveliness creates! It is true it has none of these striking or sublime features, that have made the Lakes of Laune, and Geneva the subject of undying song; but for the softer touches of nature, for all that is most simply beautiful, is it not every thing that hope could picture, or fancy revel in.

The sea is one wide pave of golden dimples—the heaven is one boundless field of spotless azure (save where yonder silver fringed, fleecy cloud, darts lazily along, haply the chariot of some roguish Cherub, coming to draw comparisions between our Sunday beauties at Hoboken and his own etherial sisters in heaven.) And the sun upon his midway course seems as if actually melting into liquid flame, for his glances have less the appearance of rays, than of showers of light; dancing from the heavens, and bathing, and beautifying all below.

But we are growing sentimental, *and* sublime, &c. &c., and so perchance, it were just as well to be jogging, but before we go we cannot for the life of us forbear quoting a little passage from Moore and moulding it into our own purpose, by wishing Hoboken and its attendant scenery was a

"dear little spot of our own"

In a bright summer ocean far off and alone"

and here we can improve on the poet's hint by also wishing for a sweet little maid that we wot of, and likewise a friend and pitcher to share our solitude.

* * * * * *

Now we are on the glorious Hudson; and now; hang it we are again in the city, deafened by the eternal whirl of carts, coaches and jingles—choked and blinded, by the dust and smoke, and—and—in short obliged to take refuge from the confusion in our own "home of the muses," and to ease the burden, which the day's adventures have laid upon our heart, by sharing a part of it with the public. We will conclude by exclaiming with Whitehead and by the way his couplet just fits our present purpose to a hair:

"The night has hung her curtains overhead
And so we'll take the hint, and go to bed."

## ADVICE TO DUELLISTS.

The principles of the duello are strict and exceedingly well established, and the maxims laid down for the government of those choleric gentlemen who take delight in drilling holes into each other's body corporate, are the result of such long experience that one would hardly suppose it possible to suggest any improvement. Some benevolent member of the Faculty however has recently taken it upon himself to propound a new code of observances for the pugnacious, some of which we should think, would be worth taking into consideration at least. Among his suggestions are two which appear very rational, although we are free to confess that the hitherto peaceful tenor of our life has not qualified us to speak on this topic with a voice of authority. The first relates to the position of the combatant: the instruction given by the most accomplished professors of the duello has heretofore been, to stand with the side facing the antagonist, so as to present the smallest possible quantum of substance for his aim; but this it should seem is wrong, inasmuch as the ball is more likely to lodge than it would be if the hit man had presented a fair front; in that case the villanous lead would go through and at least save the surgeon the trouble of finding and getting it out, to say nothing of the inconvenience of having one's vitals tormented for an hour or two with a merciless probe.—The other suggestion applies to the size of the pistol; it has been the fashion of late years to use very small bullets, and very weak charges of powder. But this, it appears, is a rank heresy, and for the same reason. The ball should be large, and the propelling force sufficient to drive it through any thing short of a brick wall; otherwise the ball lodges again, and the wound closes over it, or if it does not the hole is so small that the operator has a great deal of cutting to do before he can get at the unpleasant intruder.

## TO A YOUNG GAZELLE.

"Draw *thy* likeness!"—as soon
Would I attempt to draw yon moon
Down from her high and beauteous sphere,
And circumscribe her orbit here;—
With my frail breath as soon essay
To keep the warring winds at bay,
Or blow out every starry light
That burns upon the dome of Night—
Beacons of ancient time! that keep
Their vigils on heaven's azure deep.

"Draw *thy* likeness!"—bid me make
The sun his trendless course forsake;
Unbend the circle of the earth,
Command a new creation's birth,
Subvert the poles, transverse each law
That holds this wondrous world in awe—
But, "draw *thy* likeness"—do not ask—
Lady! 'twould be the harder task.
Oh! I should have to wing my flight,
And blend my colors to the light
And shade of every tender tone
That beams through heaven, and heaven alone,
There, humbled at my vain endeavor,
Think meanly of myself forever. H. M.

## THE ITALIANS.

Our readers are no doubt aware of the fact, that a portion of the Italian Troupe, including its three "bright particular stars," a short time since, proceeded to Boston for the purpose of giving concerts. On Tuesday night last, they appeared for the first time in that most musical city, and if we may judge from the transports of the Transcript, with a success that has astonished themselves as well as their hearers. The following extract puts all our *Cognoscenti* and *Dilettanti* to the blush—or ought to; nothing was ever said here half so grand.

"All hesitancy and doubt, as to a just appreciation by our public of the Italian style of singing, was dissipated by rapturous and oft repeated plaudits. The thrilling notes of the Signora, the surpassing tenor of Montresor and Pedrotti, and the deep, deep tones, and thundering bass, of Fornasari,—shaking earth to its foundation—the power and volume of voice—its divine melody, and harmonious blending—carried away captive head and heart, judgment and enthusiasm. Every one calls for the whole Troupe and the Opera. The season is now late—too late perhaps for the adventure, but we hazard nothing in asserting that in the fall or winter, "Italian Opera" may be established here, which shall receive more patronage in a week, than it ever received at New York or Philadelphia in a fortnight."

We acknowledge the "thrilling notes of the Signora, the tenor of Montresor, and the deep, deep tones of the exquisite Fornasari," although we confess certain doubts as to the "shaking of earth to its foundation;" but who is the Pedrotti whose tenor is so surpassing! If he be the gentleman of that name who favored us once or twice, his voice must have improved wonderfully—As for the concluding assertion about "patronage," we hope that the event may prove it correct—but we have our doubts, master Transcript. Remember the peacocks and Mrs. Austin—

## RHYMES TO THE EYE.

BY A DEAF GENTLEMAN.

I longed for Dublin, thinking there to *laugh*
With jolly tipsers o'er their usque*baugh*,
For I've a merry heart, and love that *juice*
Which London hash not good at any *price*;
Thither I went; but once, ('twas at the *plough*)
Some time uncounted after I'd *enough*
I sallied forth, and in the street *alas!*
I plunged into a horrible *fracas*;
So horrible that all my bones did *ach*
And I was forced to ride home in a *coach*,
Entreating Dora to procure a *pot*
Of salve from the chirurgical *depot*.
Next morn I had a great mind to *indict*
The bludgeoneers, but could not well *convict*
And fain was I to take their *promises*
Of good behavior touching many *bruises*—
But if again they catch me in that *region*
(Well named *Ireland*) since I am not a *lion*
The world may call me fool, and I'll say *yes*,
For I dont like bones battered and black *eyes*.

On Wednesday evening when Mr. Barry took his "Farewell Benefit" the company expressed an unanimous wish to assemble round him when he took his leave of the audience, that they might thus express their respect for him, and their share in the regret of his parting scene. Mr. Barry, from motives of delicacy, declined while he thanked them for this display of their good feelings but the tender of the compliment is equally creditable to both parties.

While the President was reviewing the troops in the Park, Major Donaldson, his Private Secretary was at his elbow watching the scene, when an ancient negro with a head of grizly grey, stood by and was explaining to his sable cara sposa, who and which were the great personages of the scene.—"Dats de Presydent wid the white head," said he, and then pointing out the Major, added, "and dat genuman, side his elbow, dat's de Black Hawk."

THE PIPER.—Among the new publications announced by one of the publishing houses in Boston, we perceive the "Tour of the wandering Piper through part of Scotland and Ireland, written by himself."

## BALTIMORE RACES.—*Central Course.*

Second Day, Wednesday 19th June.

Through the politeness of a friend who witnessed it, we have been favored with the result of the second day's running, which he describes as a well contested and interesting Race. The Course however was in very bad condition,—heavy rain falling all the time.

Purse $500—3 mile heats—Entrance, $20.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Dr. Duvall's ch. h. *Ace of Diamonds* by Rob Roy, 5 years old, | 4 | 1 | 1 |
| J. M. Botts' b. h. *Rolla* by Gohanna, 4 years old, | 3 | 2 | 2 |
| Mr. Garrison's b. h. "*L. A.*" by Marion, 5 years old, | 2 | 4 | dis. |
| Col. Selden's b. h. *Duke of Orleans* by Sumpter, 5 years old, | 1 | 3 | dis. |
| Mr. Sherman's *De Witt Clinton*. | | | |

Time, 6,5—6,3—6,3.

In the 1st heat *De Witt Clinton* was decidedly the favorite and little doubt existed that he would win the race, as he was running a head of the field, hard in hand; but from the slippery state of the Course, he fell,—threw his rider, and was distanced. The Duke of Orleans took the heat though closely pressed by Z. A. Considering the state of the Course, the time was pretty fair.

In the last two heats "*Rolla*" severely pressed Dr. Duval's "*Ace of Diamonds*," and when it is remembered that he has travelled four or five hundred miles this spring, and is much weakened by it, his running must be considered very good. She was game to the last, and the "Ace of Diamonds" only proved the trump card by about half a length.

## RUSSIAN DISCIPLINE.

Much has been said and writt n respecting the obedience of the Russian soldiery—and many striking instances presented to the public. But we question whether an example can be found in the whole compass of the history of Russia that displays in so striking, we had almost said, startling manner, the severity of the discipline as the following:

During that revolution which placed Elizabeth on the throne of the Czars, Prince Golofkine, and his wife, were exiled to a spot within the Polar Circle, and there shut up in one chamber. The unfortunate Princess was soon worn down by grief and misery. She died; and the body having lain four days before the eyes of the wretched husband, he at length persuaded himself to part with it, and begged it might be removed for burial. The Russian guard replied to this request, that their orders were to suffer none to go out of that prison chamber; and the dead body was thus left as the putrifying companion of the husband till the return of a Courier who had been sent for orders to St. Petersburgh—a distance of 2000 leagues.

An accident happened on the Rail-road near Honesdale, on Thursday morning last, by which a young man from Wilkesbarre, by the name of Peter Kidney, lost his life. As the cars arrived at the place where the horses are usually left, he stepped down before the car to unloose the horse, and fell under the wheel, which dragged him several rods before he was extricated. One of his legs was badly broken: it was amputated, but he survived only a few hours.

## CONUNDRUMS

Why are the modern Egyptians the most unnatural children on the face of the earth?
Because they sell their *mummies*—[mammas.]

What sauce is proper for a dull book?
*Reading* sauce.

When is a man thinner than a rail?
When he's *a-sharing*.

*Castle Garden.*—This delightful place must scarcely know what to make of itself, from the crowds of visitors it has been in the habit of receiving lately. Thousands on thousands thronged within and upon its walls to receive the President! Scarcely less was the crowd that assembled there to see Mr. Durant make the last magnificent ascent in his Balloon, and on Monday evening another tremendous assemblage took place to see Black Hawk and the Fire Works, and we firmly believe that among the many thousands that have assembled on these occasions, but one opinion exists concerning the beauty of the place, and the excellence of all its arrangements.

## THE MINSTREL.

The Minstrel has ceased—never more shall he weep,
All his sad songs of grief are unspoken;
And his wild Harp for ever in silence must sleep,
For its chords, like his poor heart, are broken.

How oft in his moments of sadness I've listened,
To the anguish that breathed in each lay;
And have marked how the tear in his pensive eye glistened,
When he sang of his home far away.

Yet he sought not the smile that on wealth is bestowed,
Nor the joys that on fortune attend;
For he knew he should soon reach that happy abode,
Where the poor find a Father and Friend.

Then take the wild Harp, let it lie on his grave,
Though he felt not the pangs of his breast;
In life 'twas his friend, his companion and slave,
And its last dirge has lulled him to rest.

For the Heart that's now cold, like its once magic springs,
May have yielded to feelings sublime;
And the Harp, like the hand, that once swept o'er its strings,
Has been touched by the finger of time.

*Fishing.*—If any disciple of Izack Walton is in want of fit implements to carry on his war against the finny tribe, let him repair to Taylor to repair his stock. With Rods and Lines, or hooks and baits, he cannot get better supplied than at this capital store No. 1 1-2 Maiden Lane, where civil and obliging manners add value to his line, and much good information gives point to his looks.

*Niblo's Garden.*—Is any one afflicted with Blue Devils,—let him go to Niblo's! Has any one a spare hour of an evening? let him pass it at Niblo's! Is any one fond of music, gaiety and the smiles of beauty, let him go to Niblo's. Loves any one an ice cream? Niblo can furnish it! Likes any man a glass of Punch? Niblo can make it for him!—Loves any man a merry Tale? Niblo can tell him one! If any doubt it, let him go and see,—if any wish it, let him go and try.

## THE UNDYING ONE.

NOT BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

The hue of health is on his face,
And I am twenty-four;
He fishes, hunts, and loves the chase,
Altho' he's now four score.
Oh! why were uncles made so stout,
Depriving us of fun;
I really do begin to doubt,
He's the Undying One.

While my companions are in town,
Cutting a mighty dash,
Here I must sit, and mope, and frown,
Because *He* has the cash!
'Twas only last week that he burst,
His double barrell'd gun,
Yet was not harmed—I'm surely curst,
He's the Undying One.

The female mentioned in an evening paper of Saturday, as having been missed on Friday afternoon, has been found among her friends in New Jersey. We understand she has been subject to occasional fits of derangement.

## NEW BOOKS.

WALTHAM—A Novel.—This is the third number of the Library of Romance, a London publication conducted by Mr. Ritchie: the first and second numbers were very respectable and worth reading, but Waltham is poor enough. The story is common-place, and the whole work bears strong marks of having been written to order. The only attempt at originality is in the fatalism of Waltham, and that is not very well managed. The hero and heroine of the tale—meaning by hero and heroine the parties whose love, crossed for a time, is at last merged in marriage and happiness, are a pair of uninteresting personages, and none of the other are much better except the Scotchman. Mr. Ritchie must get up better books for his Library, or its term of existence will be but brief. Waltham was re-published in Philadelphia.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A CHAPERON.—J. & J. Harper.—Written it is said by a Mrs. Sullivan; edited, the title page informs us, by Lady Dacre. We have no knowledge of Mrs. Sullivan, and therefore presume that this is her first production; we hope that it will not be her last. Its greatest charm is in the peculiarly delicate, feminine spirit by which it is strongly marked, and which gives to it a character essentially distinct from the mass of its contemporaries. Ellen Wareham, the first and longest of the five stories, is one of the most touching and beautiful narratives we have read for many a day; the others are lady-like and highly interesting, but there is no character in either of them so lovely, so perfectly pure and delightful as that of the exquisite Ellen.

*Boys and Girls Library.*—The Young Crusoe—By the same publishers. This is one of Mrs. Hofland's admirable stories for young folks. Her "Son of a genius" has enjoyed a most extensive and well deserved popularity, and we think that the Young Crusoe will be not less highly esteemed. The object of it is to show the efficacy of patience, fortitude, industry and perseverance, in surmounting difficulties, and the amiable and accomplished author in the fulfilment of her design, has produced a story abounding not only with interest, but also with instruction, and that too of a most valuable quality.

*Works of Sir Walter Scott.*—Conner & Cooke—The Seventh and eighth numbers of this complete and amazingly cheap edition, were published yesterday. They contain the Bride of Lammermoor, the Legend of Montrose, and Ivanhoe; we are happy to learn that the extensive demand for this edition warrants the belief that its enterprising publishers will make a handsome profit on their investment.

*Waldies Circulating Library.*—We have received the tenth number of the second volume, containing a portion of the memoirs of Dr. Burney by his daughter Madame D'Arblay—but too late for examination this week.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The communication of *Veritas*, containing a dialogue between Adonis and Mr. Querist, is not interesting enough for insertion. The state of things it is designed to illustrate undoubtedly exists, but we do not know of any good effect that is likely to result from its publication; besides our object is to amuse our readers, and Veritas will admit that there is nothing particularly comical in his article.

*W.'s* jokes are deficient in point; we suspect that there is a great deal of exaggeration in his last story, and we have no disposition to excite contempt or ill-will against the public authorities when we are not well assured that they deserve it.

The description of a fight between two females is deficient in wit and interest, and is too coarse for insertion.

The communication signed Xmoppking (as near as we can make it out,) has puzzled our whole establishment, compositors, devils and all; why will gentlemen authors write such vile scrawls when there be teachers of penmanship at every third corner?

We cannot publish A. C—c's will for him until we are assured of his decease.

# NEW-YORK TRAVELLER, SPIRIT OF THE TIMES, AND FAMILY JOURNAL.


### Park Theatre.

Mr. I. Mason took his benefit on Monday Evening on which occasion his gifted relatives lent him the assistance of their powerful names, and he had to return his thanks to them and to as full and fashionable a house as his most sanguine expectations could have pictured.

Black Hawk and his party attended the theatre on Tuesday and gazed from the side box on all the gaieties and gravities of the Evening with muscles as pliant as those of marble busts.

Mr. Barry took his Farewell Benefit on Wednesday and his bill presented almost as many stars, as are named in Keith's astronomy. At the end of the performances Mr. Barry was loudly called for, and took his leave of his old friends in New York amidst the most unequivocal testimonies of esteem and regret.

*On Wednesday* Evening the opera of "Fra Diavolo," was produced for the first time here, and if it be conceded that in matters of opera the first performance is only the last rehearsal, it went off pretty smoothly. But the allowance made in consideration of its being their first attempt, cannot of course extend to those with whom it should be familiar, and if the opera was rendered unnecessarily dull on its first night, *and that* should mar its future success, the blame must materially rest with those whose utter ignorance of even the words is not to be excused on any ground.

In the construction of this opera both author and composer must have had "the Brigand" in their mind's eye;—for the plot, situations and characters of both, bear a strong family resemblance.

The dramatic portion of an opera is usually a mere frame for hanging sheets of music on.—but in this there are some very fair incidents, and many opportunities for good acting which might be much better used than they were.

Auber, is the original composer of the opera, and like a skilful author, no doubt had his reasons and object, for every piece of music, and even for its rotation, working up his effects to a certain given point:—and his plan is as much destroyed by any departure from it, as would an architect's if the pillars of his temple were made to surmount the roof, at the caprice of some "Committee of Taste." So has it pleased the tribe of arrangers and adapters—those false beacons that mislead, not guide him who expects they will light him on the way to sound musical taste,—to engraft on every Author's works the heterogeneous productions of other pens And this Opera of "Fra Diavolo," shares the usual fate. Auber and Rossini are constrained into a forced partnership as composers, when their styles amalgamate about as well as water and mercury; and though the music may appear sweet to those who can dispense with the union of sense and sound, we cannot think for our own part that Auber's "Fra Diavolo" required to be stuffed with the stolen pieces of a dozen others, to render the work of so delightful a composer successful. It is all in bad taste, and we can never hope to be reputed a musical community, while we thus require to be gorged like children with sugar plums and sweetmeats. We did not note all the intruders, but among them were a duett from "Tancredi,"—an Aria from "Jean de Paris,"—an English ballad, a buffa aria from "La Gazza Ladra," and a bravura from "Robert le Diable." An agreeable medley no doubt, but no more constituting an Opera, than alternate scenes of Othello and the Gamester would improve one or the other.—Mr. Sinclair sang the music of "Fra Diavolo" with taste and skill, particularly his Barcarole "How gaily rows,"—and the Ballad of "Young Agnes,"—but in point of acting his Marquis and his Brigand were totally unlike what they were intended for. The author has made Lord Goslington a most Trollopian caricature, and Mr. Reynoldson heightened rather than diminished the coloring; he sang his music however with the skill and tact of a musician, particularly his Buffa Aria, "There was a time,"—a fact which some of the violinists seemed in considerable doubt about, and tried two or three till they got the right one. Mr. Richings looked "every inch" a Brigand and made a prominent figure of the little part of Beppo. Mrs. Austin was the Zerlina of the Opera, and accomplished the acting of a scene of extreme difficulty even to a practised actress, with much good taste and effect. Her singing the Cavatina "Day light love has passed away," called forth an encore, but we think she would find it much more effective if sung in quicker time. Her song and prayer on retiring to rest were charmingly sung, but the second strain of the prayer should break from her lips, as if in her dream, when the Brigand's dagger is held above her, and cause him to drop his uplifted arm. Her Bravura "Hark! the Trumpet is calling," was sung in magnificent style, and assured us that a second hearing of it and the Opera, must improve the effect of both. The Military Chorus was very full and good, but we wonder where they learned that it is customary with soldiers to kneel and remove their caps at sound of the Vesper Bell. 'Tis true this is no fault of theirs, but of their director, who might easily learn that the soldiery neither do one or the other, even in Italy.

Mr. Jones's Benefit took place last night, when a young lady, who is a pupil of his, made her first appearance in an operatic part, though she some time ago appeared in the "Child of Nature,"—the performance trenched too much on our time of going to press to enable us to give any comments on the performance.

Mr. Blakely takes his Benefit on Thursday next, and we sincerely hope it will prove a Benefit to him.—his Bill of Fare promises a full equivalent for the price of admittance.

### Bowery Theatre.

The old established pieces still attract good houses to this Theatre, and render novelties and critics equally unnecessary. The Indian Chiefs made this House their first place of theatrical Entertainment in this city. The centre Box was appropriated to them last Saturday which gave the audience an excellent opportunity to gaze their fill of admiration or astonishment.

Mr. Tuthill takes his Benefit on Wednesday and produces on the occasion an intensely interesting Drama called the Warden of Galway founded on one of the exciting Legends of old Ireland.

Mr. G. Jones takes his on Friday, and appears as "Hofer, the Tell of the Tyrol" for the first time.

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*The Greenwich Savings Bank*, incorporated at the last session of the Legislature, is to be opened at 10 Carmine street, on Monday the 1st of July. When it is considered that the "New York Bank for Savings," since its establishment in 1819, has transacted business with 35,000 individuals, and has received in deposit nearly $8,000,000 of which more than $2,500,000 now remain under its charge, invested in stocks, and drawing an interest of about $125,000 per annum, and when it is further considered how much the population of the city, particularly in the upper wards, has increased since the date above mentioned,—there can be no doubt that the new institution, located as it is at least a mile and a half from the other, will be a great convenience to the public, and essentially increase the aggregate amount of deposits. We cannot too earnestly recommend to persons having small sums accruing from time to time which they do not particularly need, to avail themselves of the opportunities afforded by these institutions.

### FIDGETS.

READER!—had *you* ever the Fidgets? you answer, Never,—recollect yourself. "Thank again," is the advice of one of the most eminent sages, and no one ever hurt himself by attending to the caution. Was you ever in love? (as who has not been) then you must have felt the Fidgets; did you ever hear a report that your Banker had stopped payment, when you had a considerable sum in his hands? or get a letter announcing a fall of 5 per Cent. in the Stocks, just in time to be too late to withdraw an order you had sent to your attorney to sell out a few thousands? then you must have felt the Fidgets; if you still hold the negative, we give you up as impenetrable; you will certainly die of ossication of the heart.

Fidgets may be divided into two classes, general and particular; the latter we are all subject to experience at times: the former belong to a set of people distinguished for little else, than being particular without exactness, and cautious without prudence; they, somewhat resemble the dog in the manger, keeping those around them uneasy, without benefitting themselves. Do you see that young lady, who is playing with the Lap-dog, and looking rather uneasy? she certainly has the Fidgets; see, her eye turns to the corner of the room; Ah! there's the cause, that handsome young fellow is paying some little attentions to a lady who sits there, not very particular indeed, but still sufficient to excite the Fidgets. Look out of the window; do you see that man in the rusty black coat buttoned up to his chin, who is standing on the opposite side of the street? he seems uncertain whether to stand still, advance, or go back; he is in the Fidgets till he knows what direction the person will take who is standing at No. 25; he is aware of owing him a certain amount of pounds, shillings, and pence, in demand for which, would not be very agreeable in the present state of his affairs.

These, however, may be only symptoms of the *particular Fidgets*, and will disappear with the cause of their excitement; but your regular Fidget is never at rest, and seems almost to glory in an opportunity of being extraordinarily fidgetty, like John Bull, who is never comfortable unless he be grumbling. A fidgetty person cannot endure to see the fire stirred by any one but himself, and generally considers himself entitled to the dignity of "King of the Poker;" if he ever do delegate his authority, it is only to find fault with its execution; he is to a considerable extent, an "imitative animal," as no matter what he does around him, he cannot be satisfied, till he has "a finger in the pie."

Should he be obliged to make a short journey, he takes his seat a week before the day he intends to depart, is in fidgets the whole evening previous, that he may get to bed in time, for fear of oversleeping himself; gets up and disturbs the whole house about "three" in the morning" in his extreme anxiety to be ready for the coach, which starts at six precise; he is almost sure to cut himself while shaving, scald his mouth by taking his coffee too hot, or despatter his best drab inexpressibles, by rising from table in such a hurry, as to overturn on them an egg, which he has been obliged to leave, (not being accustomed to eat raw ones), and having ordered it up before it was warmed through; after all he gets to the coach-office a full half hour too soon.—Should he happen to be seated beside the driver, or guard, they are annoyed by repeated cautions or inquiries, as to the dangers of hotting down hill, turning a corner at full speed, or galloping over a level with a rise in front. Should it happen that he travels by a steamer, it is still worse, there is not only the danger of being drowned, but also of being blown up; when on deck, he takes his station by the pilot, at as great distance as possible from the engine, keeping a sharp eye on the funnel, as if he expected every instant to see it fly into the air; and he gets ten-fold more fidgetty, if the engineer should require to diminish the pressure, and thereby permit an escape of steam. When he goes below, he perches himself in the farthest corner of the cabin, and, if you observe him attentively, you will remark, that for every shake which the machinery communicates to the vessel, his body gives a corresponding shudder; but, as a fidgetty man is never good company, we shall leave him to travel without further remark. If the man of fidgets is in business, and has property liable to fire or sea risks, he is obliged to insure it; but you may be sure he feels fidgetty on hearing that the consignment arrived safe, or, that the goods or property have been disposed of, without having incurred any damage, which may come within the range of his insurance: it grieves him to the heart to think he has paid the insurance for nothing. Is he advised by his friends to insure his life? he *may* do so, but every year's premium he pays he considers as so much money thrown away; one would be apt to think he had grown fidgetty at himself for living too long!

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From the Philadelphia Gazette.

### NOTES OF A TOUR.

PITTSBURG, June 1-23.

Gentlemen:—I witnessed that afternoon a terrible display of the fury of the enraged elements. It was an exhibition such as I never before saw, and such an one, as I pray Heaven I may never stand exposed to again. I will mention particulars:—

A party of gentlemen, filling three gigs, left this place this morning on a visit to Braddock's Fields, the scene of the dreadful slaughter of the English army by the Indians, in 1755. The spot is about nine miles from the city, on the banks of the Monongahela, and we reached it about noon. We spent about two hours in walking over the field of battle. A gentleman who resides in the neighborhood, very kindly pointed out to us the ambuscade, in which the Indians were hidden, the spot where Braddock fell, fatally wounded, the retreat of the army under the direction of Washington, who on that day, most gloriously signalized himself as an efficient officer, and indeed every other prominent part of the ground. We trod over these fields, now under cultivation, and flourishing with vegetation, and recalled to mind the events of that day. The furrows of the plough had turned up the bones of warriors, who had fallen dead on the field of glory. Remains of bones are still visible. In our rambles we picked up several pieces, as well as an arrow barbe, flints, musket balls, &c., which I have carefully preserved. On our return, the occurrence took place to which I have alluded above.

We had arrived within about two miles of the city, when we saw in the west symptoms of a coming storm. They were trifling, and we felt confident we could reach the city before the rain began. In this expectation we were disappointed; and before we had proceeded three hundred yards, thick black clouds suddenly enveloped us, rendering the atmosphere very dark. In an instant, a large tree on our right tumbled down with a tremendous crash, sending the limbs and fragments in every direction. It commenced hailing and blowing awfully. We saw ourselves in a tornado, and hastily jumped out of the gig. While endeavoring to keep up our horse, who was nearly thrown down by the wind, I lost my hat. I ran after it, but was blown violently against the fence on the opposite side of the road. Recovering myself, I again ran, but never shall I forget the sensations that passed through me. Tree after tree went down with a prodigious crash, literally filling the air with splinters and fragments,—the wind rushed and roared with a horrid noise,—the air was black with dust and the pelting of the hail; and the force of the wind rendered it impossible for me to keep my feet. On reaching my hat, I stumbled upon an elderly lady, who, with three children, one at the breast, had alighted from a wagon, the horses attached to which in their fright, had become unmanageable. A gentleman attached to our party seized one of the children, I another, and with the mother between us, we endeavored to make our way to a neighboring barn. This we reached, but we had no sooner entered the door, than a large part of the roof was blown entirely off, leaving us exposed to the most imminent danger.

This place we left instantly, and after immense labor, we made our way to an adjoining house, where we were gratified in depositing the children in safety. The lady was in great distress for her infant, it being her firm belief, while exposed to the storm, that it had perished in her arms. When she found all safe, she sank down in a state of utter exhaustion.

The storm was not yet over, though its fury was mainly spent. While in this place of safety, we witnessed more of its devastating effects—a new house within a hundred yards of our retreat, was blown down, an entire orchard was prostrated, and trees, fences, and out-buildings razed to the ground as if by magic. The scene was most dreadful.

Our party escaped with whole skins, but with little else. One of our gigs was whirled about in the air for some time, but was only trifingly injured. Our apparel was completely spoiled.

In the city the tornado was less terrible, but the storm of rain and hail was very severe. Great numbers of trees, awnings, light buildings, &c. were prostrated, but I have not learned that any lives were lost.

I had made arrangements for leaving this place to-night, but passing through this scene has unfitted me for a tour at this time. I shall therefore remain a day or two longer, to refit both in health and apparel.

### PAGANINI.

That this prince of fiddle-players is rapacious and capricious is generally known. A folio volume, however, would not suffice for the facts which have reached our knowledge in illustration of his character.

When Paganini first arrived in London, Signor Torri, who knew him only as a highly gifted countryman, offered his services as his *homme d'affaires*, and they were eagerly accepted. Torri had for months served him in this way with great zeal and fidelity, and without the least view to pecuniary compensation. When he was about to take his annual benefit concert he was advised by his friends to request Paganini to play an air on this occasion, to which the Signor readily consented. A few days before that which was fixed for the concert, Torri's friends advised him to request Paganini to play two airs instead of one. He did so through a mutual friend, being almost afraid to make the application himself, as he anticipated a refusal. Paganini heard the request complacently, but immediately replied—"That won't do—Torri can't afford it. If I am to have two-thirds of his receipts for playing two airs, he will hardly have enough left to cover his expences—no, let him be satisfied with one air, and with paying me one-third of the gross receipts of his benefit." "What," said the friend—"do you intend to charge him any thing." "Certainly," replied Paganini, "Torri is a good fellow—but I cannot play for him for nothing." The concert took place, and Paganini's share of the receipts for performing one air was £97. Torri called upon him with the account, but at the same time presented him with a charge of £500 for his own services during several months, for which he would not have required a penny if Paganini had not been thus mercenary. "What," said the enraged fiddler—his eyes nearly starting from their sockets—"do you mean to rob me?—Three hundred pounds! Where am I to find such a sum,—it is out of the question." Torri persisted, and at length Paganini offered to give £50, desiring Torri to pay over the other forty-seven. Not a farthing less than £500 would Torri consent to take, and at length Paganini proposed to refer the dispute to arbitration. This proposal being accepted, De Begnis was appointed by Paganini, and Torri named another gentleman. An award was soon pronounced, for there could be no doubt of the reality of the services rendered by Torri. It was for £200 which Paganini, according to the terms of the award, was required to pay immediately. He refused, however, to pay a farthing, and went off to Ireland. On his return, Torri arrested him and got the money.

On the first settlement between Laporte and Paganini, the sum of £8,000 was paid over to the Signor, being two-thirds of the gross receipts from the concerts at the King's Theatre, Mr. Laporte having only one-third, out of which he had to pay *all* the expenses. About £300 remained outstanding for the hire of private boxes. Paganini required £200 of this at once, although Laporte had not received, and might never receive it. "For charity's sake," said Paganini, "give me the money. I want to go out of town, and I am without a shilling." It was observed to him that he had on the preceding day received £8,000. This Paganini said was true, but he had paid it to the Sardinian Consul, who was to remit it to Genoa, and he was without money. Laporte would not yield the point; the fiddler roared and swore. He was in an extacy of grief—"For God's sake, for charity's sake," said he, "give me this money,"—but he entreated in vain, and he had, like Laporte, to wait until the money was collected.

### THE DOG DANDIE.

Mr. M'Intire, patent mangle manufacturer, Regent bridge Edinburgh, has a dog of the Newfoundland breed, crossed with some other, named Dandie whose capacious qualifications are truly astonishing and almost incredible. When Mr. M is in company, how numerous soever it may be, if he but say to the dog, "Dandie, bring me my hat," he immediately picks out the hat from all the others, and puts it in his master's hands. A pack of cards being scattered in the room if his master had previously selected one of them, the dog will find it out and bring it to him. One evening, some gentlemen being in company, one of them accidentally dropped a shilling on the floor, which, after the most careful search, could not be found. Mr. M. seeing his dog sitting in a corner and looking as if unconscious of what was passing said to him "Dandie, find us the shilling, and you shall have a biscuit." The dog immediately jumped upon the table and laid down the shilling, which he had previously picked up without having been perceived. One time having been left in a room in the house of Mrs. Thompson, High street, he remained quiet for a considerable time but as no one opened the door, he became impatient, and rang the bell; and when the servant opened the door, she was surprised to find the dog pulling the bell-rope. Since that period, which was the first time he was observed to do it, he pulls the bell whenever he is desired; and what appears still more remarkable, if there is no bell-rope in the room, he will examine the table, and if he find a hand-bell he takes it in his mouth and rings it. Mr. M. having one evening supped with a friend, on his return home, as it was rather late, he found all the family in bed. He could not find his boot-jack in the place where it usually lay nor could he find it any where in the room after the strictest search.

He then said to his dog, "Dandie, I cannot find my boot-jack, search for it." The faithful animal, quite sensible of what had been said to him, scratched at the room door, which his master opened—Dandie proceeded to a distant part of the house and soon returned, carrying in his mouth the boot-jack, which Mr. M. now recollected to have left that morning under a sofa. A number of gentlemen, well acquainted with Dandie, are daily in the habit of giving him a penny, which he takes to a baker's shop, and purchases bread for himself. One of the gentlemen, who lives in James' square, when passing some time ago, was accosted by Dandie, in expectation of his usual present. Mr. T. then said to him, "I have not a penny with me to-day, but I have at home." Having returned to his house, some time after, he heard a noise at the door, which was opened by the servant, when in sprang Dandie to receive his penny. In a frolic Mr. T. gave him a bad one, when he as usual, carried it to a baker, and was refused his bread, as the money was bad. He immediately returned to Mr. T's, knocked at the door, and when the servant opened it, laid the penny down at her feet and walked off, seemingly with the greatest contempt. Although Dandie, in general, makes an immediate purchase of bread with the money he receives, yet the following circumstance clearly demonstrates that he possesses more prudent foresight than many who are reckoned rational beings.

One Sunday, when it was very unlikely that he could have received a present of money, Dandie was observed to bring home a loaf Mr. M. being somewhat surprised at this, desired the servant to search the room to see if any money could be found. While she was engaged in this task, the dog seemed quite unconcerned till she approached the bed, when he ran to her, and gently drew her back from it. Mr. M. then secured the dog, which kept struggling and growling, while the servant went under the bed, where she found seven-pence-half-penny under a bit of cloth; but from that time he could never endure the girl, and was frequently observed to hide his money in a corner of a saw pit under the dust. And when Mr. M. has company, if he desires the dog to go with any of the gentlemen home, it will walk with him till he reach his home, and then return to his master, how great soever the distance may be

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*Napoleon and Alexander.*—The Emperor Alexander one day expressed to Duroc the intense desire he had to possess a pair of breeches of his great ally, the Emperor Napoleon. Duroc sounded his master on this very extraordinary subject. Napoleon laughed heartily. "Oh" cried he, donnez lui tout ce qu'il veut, pourvu qu'il me reste une paire pour changer." Alexander, who was very superstitious, never wore any other breeches than Napoleon's in the field, during the campaigns of 1812-13.

*An Impudent Quack.*—A "professed Bone setter" advertises in a Western paper that "his method of treating patients is so pleasant, and his success so certain, that many persons who have applied to him for relief, have afterwards disjoined, and even broken their own limbs purposely, in order that they might enjoy the *luxury* of undergoing another operation at his hands!"—*U. S. Gaz.*

*What's in a name?*—We see it stated that the brig Temperance has arrived at Campobello, from the West Indies, with a cargo of Rum.

There is a grape vine on the estate of Mr. Willis, at Oxford, (Md.) which bore in one season, (1831) 25,000 bunches of perfect grapes. This year there are 54,430 perfect bunches upon the same vine.

The celebrated horse Sir Charles, the property of Col. W. R. Johnson, of Virginia, died suddenly on the 7th inst.

*Classical Inscription.*—A party of English sailors belonging to his Majesty's ship the Garland, when cruising off Cape Colonna, paid a visit to the temple of Minerva. For *fun* they had provided themselves with a tub of black paint, which they carried up to the Temple, and some of them having succeeded in climbing to the architrave, not only painted in large letters upon its whole length the name of their ship, but recorded an interesting occurrence, which marked the period of their visit, in the following truly *original* inscription:—"*It rains like h—l.*"

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SALES AT THE STOCK EXCHANGE—June 21.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 2 | shares | Bank of New York | 125 |
| 120 | do | Merchants' Bank, | 115 |
| 170 | do | Mechanics' Bank, | 117 |
| 402 | do | Delaware & Hudson Canal, | 124 3-4 |
| 400 | do | Greenwich Bank | 109 1-2 |
| 130 | do | Butchers' and Drovers's Bank, | 115 |
| 20 | do | Merchants' Exchange Bank, | 117 |
| 100 | do | Life Insurance & Trust Co, | 161 169 |
| 200 | do | New Orleans Canal, | 118 1-2 118 |
| 40 | do | Morris Canal, | 88 1-2 |
| 50 | do | Farmers' Loan Co. | 107 |
| 15 | do | Guardian Ins. Company, | 102 |
| 100 | do | Mohawk Rail Road Co. | 140 139 |
| 130 | do | Saratoga Rail Road, | 129 124 3-4 |
| 185 | do | Harlem Rail Road Co | 94 1-2 95 |
| 200 | do | Boston & Prov. R. Road, | 112 1-2 112 3-4 |
| 25 | do | N. Y. Prov. & Boston R. R. | 104 1-4 |

## Married,

On Saturday morning last, by the Rev. Mr Eastburn, Thatcher T. Payne, Esq. to Miss Anna Elizabeth Bailey, all of this city.

On Tuesday morning last, by the Rev. Dr. Brownlee, Mr. John Ferguson, formerly of Baltimore, to Miss Jennet, daughter of Mr. John McNeish of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. Dr. Hawkes, Mr. D. S. Jones, to Mary, eldest daughter of the late Gov. Clinton.

In Philadelphia, on Tuesday evening the 11th inst. Effingham L. Buckley, of the firm of Thomas Buckley & Sons, of this city, to Hannah Ann, daughter of the late Luke W. Morris, of the former place.

In Cambridge, Mass. Willard Philips, Esq. of Boston, to Miss Hannah Hill, daughter of the late Aaron Hill.

## Died,

On Saturday morning, Thomas Lynch, aged 51 years, of the firm of Lynch & Clark.

On Sunday evening, of hasty consumption, Clement Roberts, musician.

On Thursday morning, after a long and severe illness, Mrs. Maria Boatmann, relict of the late Abraham Boatmann, in the 33d year of her age.

On Thursday, after a long and severe illness, Mrs. Elizabeth Randel, wife of Henry Randel, aged 52 years.

At his residence at Hallett's Cove, L. I. on Monday morning, Mr. Owen Wardell, of the firm of C. & O. Wardell.

At Smithtown, L. I. on the 4th inst. Mrs. Charity Brush, in the 38th year of her age, widow of Mr. Z. Brush, and daughter of Mr. G. Wheeler.

At Alexandria, D. C. on Wednesday morning, Mr. David Reese, late of Baltimore, in the 70th year of his age, uncle of Dr. David M. Reese, of this city.

At New Orleans, 29th ult. of cholera, Capt. George Robbins, aged 48, a native of Somersworth, N. H.

At Paris, on the 12th of Dec. 1832, Lieut. George Davidson, of the British army, eldest son of the late Dr. George Davidson, of the island of St. Vincents.

At Jack-a-Jacks, (Africa) on the Leeward Coast, Captain Zebulon Woodberry, late master of the brig Reaper, of Salem.

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*A CARD—AMERICAN THEATRE, BOWERY*

☞ MR. G. JONES respectfully informs his friends and the public, that his *Benefit* will take place on *Friday Evening, June 28th*. Upon which occasion will be presented, (1st time in America,) an Historical Drama, called "*Hofer*" the "*Tell*" of the Tyrol. After which, trials of skill with the "*Polish Lance*" and "*small sword*" by the principal professors of the city who have politely volunteered their services. Also, the *classical combat of the Horatii & Curiatii*. j22

CAUTION TO BOARDING HOUSE KEEPERS.—A young man about 19 or 20 years of age, who calls himself Thomas Gamble, and who is in the habit of leaving his boarding house without settling his accounts, has again absconded in his usual manner. If he will call at his *late* boarding house for the things he has been *kind enough* to leave, they will be given without hesitation.

j22 EDWARD E. JONES.

NEW-YORK SPORTING MAGAZINE, and annals of the American and English Turf, commenced March 1823—an imperial octavo, published in numbers monthly, each number embellished with two colored plates, wholly dedicated to sporting subjects and fancy pursuits, embracing all the Turf operations of moment in both England and the United States.—Terms, $10 per annum in advance. All orders addressed to the editor will meet with prompt attention. Office No. 9 Mercer street. j22 tf

CASTLE GARDEN.—H. MARSH has the pleasure to inform his friends and the public, that the Garden is now open for the season, and by recent repairs, additions and alterations, it is now one of the most desirable places of the kind in this world; and he pledges himself that no effort within his reach shall be wanting to conduct his Establishment in such a manner as to meet with public approbation. His well known and justly celebrated Band of Martial Music, under the direction of Mr. Thos. Dilks, as leader, will perform the most approved Overtures, Marches, Airs, &c. &c.

Fire Works every pleasant evening at 9 o'clock.

Admittance one shilling, for which refreshment will be furnished. j22

WEBB'S CONGRESS HALL.
142 BROADWAY, N. Y.

☞ The undersigned having opened the above named splendid Hotel in the most central part of the city, begs to assure his friends and the public, that they will always find elegance and comfort combined under his roof, with prompt attention and the utmost accommodation. In returning his thanks to the public for past favors, he can with confidence appeal to their experience of his capability in the Catskill Mountain House, for a continuance of their present extensive patronage. C. H. WEBB.
Congress Hall, 142 Broadway.
j22

HAIR CUT.—"A LA DOURO."

JOSEPH BARDOTTE most respectfully returns his sincere thanks to the citizens of New York for the flattering encouragement he has received since his arrival from Europe.

Ever anxious to introduce improvements which have been adopted in his profession, he takes this method to announce one, the most recently received from London.

The "Marquis Douro" (son of the Duke of Wellington,) having gone to a celebrated hair cutter in London, suggested an alteration in the manner of cutting hair, of such a decided advantage over the old mode, that it has been universally adopted by the fashionable world, and dubbed the "la Douro."

J. B. having engaged a superior workman from the above London establishment, has been enabled through him, to introduce this beautiful mode, and respectfully invites the fashionable to call and give it a trial at his rooms, 146 Broadway, up stairs, corner of Liberty-street, next door to Webb's Congress Hall.

N. B. The "La Douro" Metallic Wigs" made to order.

☞ Hair Dressers who wish to adopt the "La Douro" fashion will be taught in two lessons, at five dollars per lesson.

WANTED, a Journeyman Hair Dresser. Apply as above. j22 6t

TRUSS COMMUNICATION.—The attention of those afflicted with Hernia is called to a new Truss lately patented in this city, and sold at No. 2 Ann street. Its superiority over every other instrument will be evident on a mere inspection, for unlike every other truss with which I am acquainted, the rupture-pad is pressed upon by a double spring, which is so fixed as to convey the necessary pressure to the lower part of the rupture-pad, thus keeping the pad closely applied in every attitude of body, and adjusting and adapting itself under all circumstances to the person and to the part to which it is to be applied. Possessing a double spring and consequently a double degree of elasticity, it is rendered easy and convenient to the wearer. j22

BOOKS & STATIONARY.—A general assortment of School Books, in Greek, Latin, French, Spanish and English. Also, Blank Books and Stationary, Juvenile and Toy Books, with the miscellaneous publications of the day, as they issue from the press; constantly for sale by
j8 tf R. BARTLETT & RAYNOR, 76 Bowery.

P. O'BRIEN, Tailor, Draper and Clothier, No 153 Centre street m18.

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PAINTS, *DYE STUFFS, &c. &c*

OLIVER HULL, No 108 Maiden lane, between Pearl and Water-streets, New York, have on hand a general assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Dye Woods, Chemicals, &c. which he offers for sale on the most reasonable terms, and in quantities to suit purchasers.

White and Red Lead, Yellow Ochre, Spanish Brown, Verdigris, Epsom Salts, in barrels and kegs; Glauber do do do; Alum, in barrels or kegs; Arrow Root, best Bermuda do do do 2d quality, Balsam Tolu in jars, Balsam Capivi in demijohns and bottles, Oil Almonds in canisters and bottles, Chrome Yellow Prussian Blue, Oil Vitriol in carboys and bottles, Aqua fortis in do do, Muriatic Acid in do do do, ground and chipped Eye Woos in barrels, Madder in casks and barrels Alcohol in barrels, Copal, Japan, and Mastic Varnish, Camphor, Castile Soap, Ink Powder, Kidder's best, do do 2d quality, Seidlitz Powders, Soda Powders, Lee's Pills, Windham and New London Court Plaster, Oppodeldoc, Mead's Pills for dyspepsia, Indian Specific for coughs, Foreign and American Patent Medicines, Medicine Chests for families, and every article in their line. may 3

HYMN BOOKS, &c.—Rippon's selections, Watts and Rippon's Watchell's Watts, with the Supplement and Hymns of Zion. Also, Bibles and Testaments of all sizes and bindings, constantly for sale by
j8 tf BARTLETT & RAYNOR, 76 Bowe

CHEAPEST PERODICAL IN AMERICA.—FREEMAN HUNT is publishing in monthly parts, a reprint of the PENNY MAGAZINE, of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge."

This unprecedentedly popular periodical was commenced in England, in 1832, and has been continued to the present period, increasing in favor and patronage. The London edition is published weekly, with occasional supplements. In the American edition, the weekly numbers and the supplements will be so combined as to form a monthly part of between forty and fifty octavo pages. To those who are acquainted with the character of the work, any remarks from the publisher would be altogether superfluous, but for the information of those who are not, we deem it expedient to state a few facts, in relation to this little work, the sale of which has been justly regarded as one of the most remarkable indications of the extent to which the desire of knowledge has reached in Great Britain.

It was considered by Edmund Burke, about forty years ago, that there were eighty thousand readers in England. In the present year it has been shown by the sale of the "Penny Magazine," that there are *two hundred thousand purchasers* of one periodical work; and the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, think it may be fairly calculated that the number of readers of that single work amounts to a million.

If this incontestible evidence of the spread of the ability to read be most satisfactory, it is still more satisfactory to consider the species of reading which has had such extensive and increasing popularity. In this work there has never been a single sentence that would inflame a vicious appetite; and not a paragraph that could minister to prejudices and superstitions which a few years since were so common. It has contained no excitements for the lovers of the marvellous—no tattle or abuse for the gratification of a diseased taste for personality, and above all no party politics. The subjects which have uniformly been treated, have been of the broadest and simplest character. Striking points of natural history—accounts of the great works of art in sculpture and painting—descriptions of such antiquities as possess a universal interest—personal narratives of travellers—biographies of men who have had a permanent influence on the condition of the world—elementary principles of language and numbers—established facts in statistics and political economy: these and other subjects of interest, have supplied the materials for exciting the curiosity of a million of readers.

Besides furnishing the same amount of matter, and number of engravings, as are embraced in the British copy, a supplement will be added to each monthly part, with one or more illustrations of American scenery, or architecture.

The Magazine will appear monthly, containing at least forty imperial octavo pages. And each number illustrated with from twenty to thirty engravings on wood, designed to compare with the originals. Twelve parts, issued in the course of the year, will complete a volume of about *five hundred* imperial octavo pages, equal to one thousand of the ordinary size; including at least *three hundred* engraved illustrations of whatever is useful in science, splendid in art, or wonderful in nature.

☞ It will be printed on el-gant paper and type. The price will be only 18 3-4 cents per part, or two dollars for the twelve, if paid in advance.

☞ Subscriptions received at Peabody & Co's, Broadway, and Wm. Stodart's, Cortland-st. j8

VAUXHALL GARDEN is open for the season.—This delightful place, truly the only legitimate Garden in the city, is now ready to receive company. The proprietor has considerably added to the beauty and embellishments; the shades of the foliage is not equalled in the Union; a military band performs every evening: and on Sunday evenings will be performed, under the direction of Mr. PEARSON, selections of Music, from the works of Handel, Hayden, Mozart, &c.

Season Tickets may be had at the Garden. Single tickets, for a Gentleman 2 dollars—for a Gentleman and four Ladies, or Children with their parents or servant, 5 dollars. m25

COUGHS AND COLDS.—It is now about one year since the NEW ENGLAND COUGH SYRUP was first offered to the public, during which time several thousand bottles have been distributed throughout the United States and the British Provinces, and in all cases where the directions have been strictly followed by those who used it, the most salutary effects have been produced and it has uniformly proved itself to be a specific for Influenza, Coughs, Cold, Asthma, Whooping Cough, Spitting of Blood, and all affections of the lungs.

The proprietors are at liberty to refer to many individuals of the first respectability, who have been cured of obstinate coughs by its use, and the following letters received by them are added, for the perusal of those who may be troubled with similar complaints.

Gentlemen—After having tried by the recommendation of my friends, almost every medicine for a cough, without the least relief, I had recourse to your New England Cough Syrup, and am enabled to say, with much thankfulness, that it has cured me of one of the most obstinate coughs I ever knew, and shall feel it to be a duty to recommend it to every one whom I find in need of so valuable a medicine.

[Signed,]—Yours respectfully,
JOHN P. STEVENS.

The very great benefit that I have derived from the use of your Syrup has astonished me beyond measure. From the length of time that I had suffered from a most inveterate cough, I supposed I should never be rid of it while I lived. But by taking the bottle of Syrup which I procured from you, I have been perfectly cured, and now enjoy good health. Signed
STILLMAN ROBINSON.

Several Physicians have used the N. E. Cough Syrup in their practice. An order was received somesime since from a distinguished medical gentleman at the south. In a subsequent letter he remarks, "Your Cough Syrup is invaluable. It cured me entirely of an inveterate cough upon taking the 5th dose. Of the dozen which I received from you, I gave away all but two bottles; one of the two I used in my own case, (a part of it) the other I have by me. In almost every case of those given away, the patients called and spoke of the astonishing effect of the remedy." The following note from a young gentleman of this city, was received a few days since.

It gives me great pleasure to be to able add my testimony in favor of your New England Cough Syrup, two bottles of which having entirely cured my cough which was so severe that my physician advised me to spend the coming winter in a southern climate, but the fortunate use of your Syrup will preclude the necessity. Boston, Sept. 1832.

Particular directions for use accompany each bottle.
PRICE FIFTY CENTS.

Prepared only by MOFFAT, PLUMMER & CO. Druggists, 188 State street, opposite Broad street, Boston. Sold wholesale by them and by DANIEL GODDARD & CO., 147 Maiden lane, New York, retailed by the Apothecaries generally throughout the United States and British Provinces.

Also, in this city by Place & Souillard, No. 2 Park Row; by Geo. D. Coggeshall, corner of Pearl and Rose streets; by Jno. B. Dodd, 193 and 643 Broadway; by David Perkins, corner of Maiden lane and Nassau street; by Rushton & Aspinwall, 81 William street and 110 Broadway; by N. B. Graham, corner of Cedar and William streets; by Marshall C. Slocum, corner of Broadway and Duane street; by Whiting & Merrill, corner of Catharine and Madison streets. a20 1y

HARP.

H. J. TRUST (pupil of N. C. ROCHSA,) tenders his grateful acknowledgements to his patrons for their support last season, and begs to inform them and the public, that he has now re-commenced giving Lessons on this popular instrument. As a guarantee of his competency as a Teacher, he takes the liberty to direct the attention of families to the names of the following distinguished individuals, to whom he has the honor and permission to refer:—John M'Tavish, Esq of Baltimore; John Delafield, Esq. of N. York; Henry Carey, Esq. of do.; James Buchanan, Esq. of do.; D. Lynch, Esq. of do.; N. Prime, Esq. of do.; G. Barclay, Esq. of do. H. J. T. also gives Instructions on the Guitar and Piano Forte. Scarces and select parties attended with the Harp, Piano, &c. &c. by the Messrs. TRUSTS. Terms, &c. apply at Broadway, 3 doors above Canal.

REMOVAL.

MRS. WEATHERBY, Long Stay and Corset Maker, respectfully informs the Ladies and the public, that she has removed her well known Establishment, the United States Corset Warehouse, and Ladies Patent Elastic Belt Manufactory, from 295 to 299 Broadway, third house above, between Duane and Reed sts. where the whole of her business will in future be conducted. Ladies can be waited on at their dwellings, or at Mrs. W's Rooms. Just received at the above establishment from London and Paris, a variety of new and improved patterns, which for ease and elegance, are approved of by the most eminent of the faculty, as highly conducive to health. Mrs. W. can confidently offer her corsets as an assortment procured at a great expense, combining all the modern improvements as respects health and symmetry of form. N. B. Constantly on hand a large assortment of Gentleman's elastic riding belts and military braces, to which Mr. P. Weatherby will pay every attention. Wholesale merchants and dealers supplied on the most reasonable terms and at the shortest notice. m1 tf

FEMALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE AT BELLEVILLE, New Jersey.—The system of instruction pursued at this Seminary, embraces a thorough course of English and Classical reading, with the different branches of the sciences, requisite to the attainment of a liberal and

# UNITED STATES TRAVELLING & BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

## CARDS'

**A. L. DE ROSE,**
PORTRAIT PAINTER,
95 Liberty street. a12 1y

A HANDSOME SUITE of unfurnished Apartments to let in one of the most healthy and pleasant parts of the city. Apply at 268 East Broadway. m25 1m

GEO. M. K. UNDERHILL, Pocket Book Manufacturer, No. 50 Fulton street, New York.

LEONARD DEVOE, Boot and Shoemaker, 104 Laurens street.

THOMAS GREEN, Draper and Tailor, corner of Prince street and Broadway, New York.

WILLIAM HACKETT, Boot and Shoe Maker, No. 48 Nassau street.

FRANCIS AGER, BROWN JUG TAVERN, an old established English House, 538 Pearl, near Elm street, New York.

LECOUNT & HAMMOND, Map, Chart, and Topographical Engravers, No. 4 Wall street.

T. R. WHITNEY, Engraver, Copper Plate Printer, and Printer in Gold, No 11 Madison street

JOHN DARLEY, Draper and Tailor, corner of Liberty and William streets.

J. BARDOTTE'S Gentlemen's Dressing Rooms, 146 Broadway.

MEEKER & CLARK, Cabinet, Chair and Sofa Warehouse, 58 Broad street, New York.

WILLIAM N. THOMAS, Looking Glass Manufacturer. No. 126 Canal street.

A. ELSTON, fashionable Boot Maker, No. 14 Wall street.

BREWSTER'S Hat Store, 307 Broadway, New York. Hats made to any pattern.

HOOD & REEDER, Drapers and Tailors, 69 Fulton street.

SIMEON HAINES, No. 56 Broad street, Manufacturer of all kinds of Cabinet Furniture.

SHERMAN & DUBOIS, Merchant Tailors and Drapers, 102 Broad street, corner of Pearl, New York.

SETH B. SPALDING, Draper and Tailor, No. 9 John street.

W. H. CHAPMAN, Stock and Glove Store, No. 1 Maiden Lane. N. B. French and English Fancy Goods.

RUSHTON & ASPINWALL, Druggists, 110 Broadway. Medicine delivered at any hour of the night.

CARDS of address, Invitation and Profession, designed and engraved by Geo. W. Teubner, 410 Pearl street, opposite Vandewater, New York.

DOWNING'S Oyster establishment, No. 5 Broad street. N. B. Sufficient room to accommodate from forty to sixty persons, in separate apartments from the bar.

WILLIAM HUTCHIN'S plain and fancy Dry Goods Store, No 396, Pearl street, between Oak and Madison streets, New York.

J. CAMPBELL, Looking Glass and Picture Frame and Gilder, No. 164 Fulton street, New York. N. B. Old frames repaired.

J. L. CLARK'S Old Established and Truly Lucky Office, 168 Broadway, New York. Bank notes examined and all Lottery information given gratis. Please call at Clark's.

STINEMETS & BOLEN, Drapers and Tailors, corner of Broad and Wall streets, New York. N. B. Naval and Military uniforms executed in a superior style.

PARSELLS, Manufacturer of very superior Stocks of Silk, Satin, Bombazine, Velvet, &c. &c. 264 Broadway. Parsells would particularly recommend his beautiful article, the Cravat Stock.

A. H. WHEELER'S ROOM FOR WRITING AND BOOK-KEEPING, at No. 251 Broad way. dec8

BOOTS AND SHOES POLISHED AND REPAIRED in the best style at No. 88 Nassau st. in the basement, by
nov10 GRIFFIN & THOMAS.

BLACKMAN & CROSSINGHAM, successors to John Chapel, No. 70 Fulton street, N. Y. offer for sale Paste and Liquid Blacking in any quantity. Also, a handsome article of black and red Ink. Water proof Black Ball that will preserve the leather and keep the feet dry. Also, Varnish, &c. All goods from their Factory warranted equal to any in the United States.

HEROY & JONES, Watch and Clock Makers, 187 Greenwich street. Clocks, watches, jewelry, gold, silver and plated ware; seals, keys and rings; pins and other goods usually kept in their line, for sale and repair.

ISAAC D. NEAL, Apothecary and Druggist, No. 2 Franklin square, New York. Particular attention paid to Physicians prescriptions and Family Medicines. Medicine Chests for sea voyages, Plantations, &c.

LOOKING GLASS AND PICTURE FRAME MANUFACTORY, No. 44 Chatham street, New York.—DEL VECCHIO respectfully informs his friends and the public, that he continues manufacturing Looking Glasses and Picture Frames wholesale, retail, and for exportation, and he warrants the articles that he manufactures of a superior quality. His terms will be found liberal.
N. B. Old Looking Glasses newly silvered and old frames regilt. Mch 2

JOHN MANGIN, No. 22 Wall street, Importer of Watches, Clocks, Musical Boxes, Materials and tools for watch makers. J. M. has always on hand a complete assortment of the above articles, which he offers at wholesale or retail on the most accommodating terms. Watches, Clocks, and Musical Boxes carefully repaired.

MR. ARNOLD, Surgeon Dentist, Member of the Royal College of Surgeons in London, respectfully informs his friends and the public that his office is at No. 24 Vesey street, near St. Paul's church, where he performs all operations connected with his profession according to the latest and most approved principles.
Deficiencies of the Teeth supplied either with natural or mineral substances as required. Feb 2 2m

CATSUP, a very superior article, manufactured and sold at the corner of Broadway and Fulton street, where the best of OYSTERS and other Refreshments are served up to suit the palate of the most fastidious epicure.
Jan19 JOHN A. MERRELL.

GOLD AND SILVER LEAF.—For sale at the manufactory No. 67 Watts st. New York; also gold, silver, and German bronzes, warranted superior quality, at the lowest prices.
N. B. Dentist's gold, silver and platina, and tin foil of superior quality, will be forwarded by the single sheet or ounce, at the shortest notice and lowest price free of charge, by GEORGE S. WAITE,
j19 67 Watt st. New York.

JOHN B. PERO, Hair Cutting Rooms, No. 2 & 3 in rear Dock Square, near City Tavern, Boston. Perfumery and Fancy Goods, wholesale and retail.

COAL.—SCHUYLKILL, LEHIGH & LACKAWANNA COAL, of the first quality, for sale in lots to suit purchasers, by
JACOB SOUTHART,

RICHARD AUGUSTUS, 46 William street, has discovered a composition that completely prevents the cracking of leather—and is willing to warrant well made Boots (receiving his preparation daily) to wear over six months before the upper leather breaks. The gloss it gives is very superior, and entirely supersedes the necessity of blacking.
Richard Augustus, would be much pleased to explain more particularly to any gentlemen who will do him the favor to call and try the advantages of the discovery

FOREIGN and American Snuff Store.—Fine Havana Cigars, Cavendish Tobacco, Cigar Cases, Sugar Tubes, Snuff Boxes, Foreign Pipes, Smoking Tobacco, &c. &c. always on sale at Mrs. G. NEWCOMBE'S, 297 1-2 Broadway, between Reed and Diane streets.

MEDICAL CARD.—DOCTOR GLOVER is consulted confidentially, as usual, at his office. He continues to limit his practice to a select branch of his profession, viz:—strictures, gleets, gonorrhæ, syphilis, seminal weakness, and the various complications of these diseases. His own practical experience, and the recent improvements in medicine have enabled him to introduce several important facilities in the treatment and cure of these diseases. He had discarded from his practice those nauseous mixtures that are often prescribed for the cure of gonorrhœa, etc.
Strangers are apprised that Dr. G. has received a regular professional education, and confines his practice to the treatment of this class of diseases.
His office is at No. 2 Ann-street, near Broadway, second and third door from the American Museum, where he may be consulted until 10 in the evening daily. Separate entrance and separate offices are provided.
☞ Private entrance to the office third door from the Museum.
N. B. Persons at a distance by describing their case and enclosing a fee will have the remedy suited to their case, forwarded to order. Letters must be post paid. m29

## Popular Houses.

**ADELPHI HOTEL,**
38 STATE STREET, ALBANY, BY
J. CROSS.
Opposite the Rail Road Stage office, and near the Steam Boat Landing m11

**NIBLO'S HOTEL,**
No. 112 BROADWAY, BETWEEN PINE AND CEDAR *streets, New York.*

THE subscriber returns his grateful acknowledgments to his friends and the public for the liberal support afforded him since his establishment in this city. Having found, however, that the name of his Hotel, which he originally adopted, Congress Hall, subjects him to many inconveniences in consequence of the proprietor of a public establishment in his immediate vicinity having assumed the same title, and being unwilling by a continuance of the present name of his house, to embarrass his neighbour as well as himself, he has resolved on changing the same to that of NIBLO'S HOTEL, hoping under this new title to merit a continuance of public patronage. No alteration in this city can present more advantages to permanent and transient guests than Niblo's Hotel. Its central location, being near the principal places of amusement and its vicinity to the public offices and business part of the town, renders it a most desirable resort for families and gentlemen engaged in commercial and other pursuits.
The experience which the subscriber has acquired as proprietor, for many years, of that extensive establishment the EXCHANGE HOTEL, in Petersburg, Virginia, and subsequent as an associate with Mr. Henkell of the City Hotel, Philadelphia, will, he trusts, prove a sufficient guarantee to all who may honor him with their patronage, that nothing shall be wanting on his part, or by those in his employ, to contribute in every respect to their accommodation and comfort. dec 22

**CLINTON LUNCH,**
*Corner of Liberty street and Broadway.*

THE proprietors of this establishment, which has been opened since May last, in consequence of the unparalleled support they have received, are induced to come before the public with their best thanks for the liberal patronage bestowed on them, and to assure them that instead of relaxing in their exertions to please, (which is too much the case with many who undertake to conduct similar establishments,) they are stimulated to increased exertions, if possible, and determined to preserve in the same straight forward path in which they have commenced, hoping thereby to deserve a continuance of that support they have hitherto so liberally been favored with. The undersigned having access to all kinds of communication whilst, have been determined that this establishment should rise or fall by its own merits or demerits; and as they have now been six months fairly before the public, and that public having continued daily to increase its patronage, they are justified in presuming that the course they have pursued in conducting this establishment has been generally approved, and as a proof of their determination to spare no pains or expense in improving and enlarging the same from time to time, as circumstances may require, for the public accommodation, they have now to announce that they have, at a very considerable expense, fitted up and handsomely furnished an extra Dining Room on the first floor, which was opened to the public on the 8th instant. The entrance to which is from No. 73 Liberty street. The proprietors will now be enabled to get up Dinners and Suppers for private parties, of all the delicacies of the season, in a style equal to any establishment in the city, at the shortest notice. Their Wines and Liquors will as usual continue to be chosen from the oldest and most choice stocks in the city, and the personal exertions of the proprietors will be continued, and their best efforts exerted to deserve public patronage. The Ordinary, as usual, will be conducted on the most liberal principles. Hot Coffee and Tea at all hours from 7 in the morning till 12 at night. Oysters of the best quality, in all their varieties, and Soups of every description at all times.
nov 10 GOOLD & ATKINS.

**TAMMANY HALL,**
*Opposite the City Hall, New York.*

THIS Establishment has been fitted up in as good a style as any House of its class in the vicinity, and is furnished throughout in a good style, for the accommodation of the public on the following plan.
Gentlemen can take their lodgings by the single night or by the week, as they please without any reference to Board, if he wishes refreshments he can have them at any time he pleases and what he pleases to select from the Bill of Fare, which will hang in the refectory or Bar Room with the prices of every article attached thereto. In the Basement Story is the Refectory, where Refreshments of most every kind may be had on the most reasonable terms, and in handsome style at a minutes notice, from Sun rise until 12 o'clock at night. On the 2d Floor is the Bar and Reading Room.
The Lodgings are cool and comfortable being in the most healthy and pleasant part of the city, overlooking the Park and fronting on the City Hall. Clubs, Dining and Supper parties can be accommodated on the most reasonable terms. The Bar is stocked with the choicest of Liquors and Wines, and the Larder furnished with the best the market affords, and no pains or expense will be spared by the proprietors to make this establishment a comfortable retreat for all those who will honor them with their patronage. *Price of lodgings*, 25 cts. Per week, $2,00, 3,00, $4,00, $1,00, single night 37 1-2 cents. mar 1 tf

**REMOVAL.**
*L. CRUTTENDEN, of Albany,*

HAS left his situation on the "Hill," and has taken the EAGLE TAVERN for a term of years, where he would be pleased to see his *old* acquaintances as well as his *new friends*.
N. B. The reasons for the above transaction, and "that you are as plenty as blackberries," shall be the subject of a forthcoming communication, although many of them he shall reserve for the *private ear* of his friends. He intends, likewise, to give hereafter, a very pompous and swelling account of all the excellent articles that he shall have in the house and on the table; the very superior treatment his guests shall receive &c. He will even enumerate the number of dishes that will be on the table, as well as a number of other, ridiculous things that cannot be mentioned at this time.
june 13 1y. Eagle Tavern, Albany,
South Market-st., corner of Hamilton.

**CONGRESS HALL,**
*PARK PLACE*, Albany,—By W. LANDON,
(Formerly Cruttenden's.)

N. B. A Porter with a waggon, will be in regular attendance to carry baggage to and from the boat *free of expense.* june 1y

**LINE OF OMNIBUSES**
*From Twelfth street to Wall street.*

ROSWELL BEACH, has purchased this Line throughout, and having added, as an Extra, the beautiful light carriage "Mon Plaisir," has determined to start, alternately every fifteen minutes, the following splendid Stages, viz. the Benjamin Franklin, Paragon, Veteran, Albion, and Tom Thumb, which are not surpassed in convenience or beauty by any in the city. The horses have been procured at great expense, and are kept in the best condition for "the track." The Line being now in first rate order, the Proprietor hopes, by the regularity of starting, the excellence of his Horses, and the civility of his Drivers, to deserve the patronage of those whose convenience will be facilitated by the above arrangement, and of the citizens of New York generally.
N. B. Some dissatisfaction having been expressed by the holders of tickets, which were purchased from the former owner of this line, the present Proprietor begs leave to state, that when he purchased this line of coaches, he did not obligate himself to redeem any Tickets which might have been sold by the former Proprietor, previous to his purchase, and furthermore, that he has received as cash, Tickets mutilated and of course a dead loss. He trusts therefore it will not be considered illiberal in him, that he declines redeeming Tickets for which he has not received one cent, and which he never obligated himself to redeem, and which if he should redeem, would involve him in an expense greater than the undertaking under any circumstances would warrant.
New York, January 26, 1833. Jan 26

*NEW LINE OF MAIL COACHES.*

FROM Lowell, Mass. to Springfield, Mass. to run in a Line with the Springfield, Hartford & N. Haven steamboats for New York, and will leave Lowell Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 3 o'clock A. M. passing through Tyngsford, Dutchville, Pepperell, Lunenburg, Fitchburg, Westminster, Templeton, Petersham, Dana, Greenwich, Enfield, Belchertown, Grandby, Chicopee Village, and arrives at Springfield same days, at 8 o'clock P. M. and in New York on the morning of the 3d day.

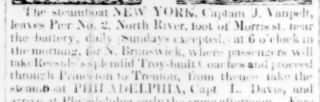
RETURNING,
Leaves Springfield, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 3 o'clock A. M. passing through the above mentioned towns, and arrives in Lowell, at 8 o'clock same day.
Fare from Lowell to Springfield, $4 50.
March2 N. S. MOSELY, Agent

MIDDLE ROAD TO HARTFORD.
WINTER ARRANGEMENTS,
To intersect the New Haven Steam-boats.

STAGES will leave Wilde's General Stage Office, 11 Elm street, Boston, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at 7 o'clock, A. M. lodgein Ashford, and arrive at Hartford next day at 10 o'clock, A. M. and in New Haven at 6 o'clock same evening, where passengers can take elegant steam-boats or stages at 7 o'clock the following morning for New York. Returning, stages leave Hartford Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 2 o'clock, P. M. lodge in Ashford, and arrive in Boston at 6 o'clock, P. M.; passing through Brighton, Newton, Natick, Sherburne, Hopkinton, Milford, Mendon, Uxbridge, Thompson, Pomfret, Ashford, Coventry, East Hartford to Hartford. Fare from Boston to Hartford, $3—from Hartford to New York, $4 50.
dec 29 J. BROOKS Agent.

## Stages and Steamboats.

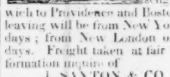
**NO MONOPOLY ! ! !**
*PEOPLE'S LINE FOR PHILADELPHIA,*
Via New Brunswick, Princeton and Trenton.



The steamboat NEW YORK, Captain J. Vanpelt, leaves Pier No. 2, North River, foot of Marriott, near the battery, daily Sundays excepted, at 6 o'clock in the morning, for N. Brunswick, where passengers will take Reeside's splendid Troy-built Coaches and proceed through Princeton to Trenton, from thence take the steamboat PHILADELPHIA, Capt. L. Davis, and arrive at Philadelphia early the same afternoon. Fare through $2 50

To Perth Amboy, and New Brunswick 12 1-2 cts—To Trenton $1 50—Breakfast on board 37 1-2 cts.
The proprietors of the People's Line rely on the generous public, in sustaining them against a monstrous monopoly, whose wish and interest it is to put down all competition, to enable them to charge the highest prices they can; which they will do if there is no rival line to oppose them. A fair and honorable competition, with a choice of conveyance, is always an advantage to the public.
For the accommodation of travellers and safety of their baggage, the same coaches run through from boat to boat, without the inconvenience of changing on the road.
The Baltimore People's Line Boat leaves Philadelphia daily at 6 o'clock A. M., from the same wharf which this Line lands at. Fare $2.
For Seats apply to THOMAS WHITFIELD, old No. 1 Courtlandt street, and at the People's Line Office 31 Washington street, opposite the wharf, or on board the boat.
All Specie, Goods, Baggage, &c. at the risk of the owners thereof.
WM. B. JAQUES, Agent, for
j1 J. REESIDE & CO. Proprietors.

**BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE.**
TREMONT MAIL STAGES.



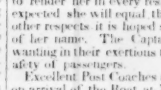
Leaves Boston every morning at 5, and Providence at 6 o'clock.
Also, Steam Boat Mail leaves Providence every day, on the arrival of the boats, and arrives in Boston from one to three hours in advance of the principal part of the Stages of the Citizens line.
For Seats or Extra Coaches, in Boston, apply at City Tavern, Brattle-street and Washington Coffee House, 158 Washington street. In Providence, at Tremont Stage Office, corner of Market square and South Main street, and to the Agent on board of the Boats on their arrival. All Baggage and Freight is at the risk of the owner thereof. Passengers wishing to travel by this line will please not to pay their stage fare on board the Boats. C. B. WILDER, Agent.
N. B. It will be seen by reference to several papers of the city, that the Citizens Stage Company have broken out with new advertisements, purporting to be that they were running the only Stages from this City to Providence, to connect with the Boats: *evidently designed to give the impression in full*, that the Tremont Mail Stage Company had been beaten off the route—which had reinstated them in the full possession of the whole Line, and given them another opportunity to monopolize and impose upon passengers, as has been their custom at all times, when a good wholesome opposition has not kept them within proper bounds.
As they have practised such a course of deception upon us so long, we pay no regard to such foul tongued imposition, other than to say that we have made very large additions to our former stock, which enables us to run more regular, with much better Stock and Coaches, and in less time, from the Boats, on an average, than any other line on the route. m11

**NEW-HAVEN & HARTFORD**
*STEAMBOAT LINE.*

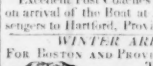
Daily; Sundays excepted. Passage from New-York to Hartford, including stage fare, $3. To New-Haven, $2.

The steamboat SUPERIOR Capt. Sanford, and the new steamboat SPLENDID, Capt Belcher, will on Tuesday the 28th inst. commence a daily line and run as follows:—From the steamboat place, foot of Beekman-street. The Superior will leave every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday morning at 7 o'clock. The Splendid, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at the same hour. Returning will leave New-Haven on the alternate day at 12 o'clock, noon.
The Superior is well known to the travelling public, and needs no commendation; no pains nor expense have been spared in the construction of the Splendid to render her in every respect a first rate boat. It is expected she will equal the Superior in speed and in other respects it is hoped she will be thought worthy of her name. The Captain and Agent will not be wanting in their exertions to promote the comfort and safety of passengers.
Excellent Post Coaches and horses are always ready on arrival of the Boat at New-Haven, to convey passengers to Hartford, Providence, and Boston. m30

*WINTER ARRANGEMENTS.*
FOR BOSTON AND PROVIDENCE, VIA NEW LONDON.



The steamboat GENERAL JACKSON, Capt. D. Havens, will leave the East River steamboat place foot of Beekman street, on Friday afternoon, at 4 o'clock.



Stages will be in readiness on the arrival of the boat at New London, to convey passengers by the way of Norwich to Providence and Boston. Her regular days of leaving will be from New York on Tuesdays and Fridays; from New London on Mondays and Thursdays. Freight taken at fair prices. For further information inquire of
J. SAXTON & CO. 114 South street.
JACOB CORLIES & SONS, 283 Pearl st.
Jan 19

WESTERN LINE OF STAGES,
*New Arrangement.—Daily, Sundays excepted.*



THIS Line of Stages will leave Joseph I. Roy's Steam Boat Hotel, Jersey City, on Monday, Wednesday, and Friday mornings, at 3 o'clock, to work Newark, *Chatham, Morriston, Succasunny Plains, Stanhope, Newton, Augusta*, for *Milford*. On Tuesday, Thursdays and Saturdays, by way of *Paterson, Pompton, Newfoundland, Hamburgh, Deckertown* to *Milford*. We have two Lines connect, and run six times a week, through *Canaan, Carbondale, Dundaff, Montrose*, to *Owego*, and thence through *Ithaca* to *Geneva*, daily.
**Intersecting Lines.**—At Newton, this Line intersects a Line of Stages, running from Newburgh, through Easton, to Philadelphia. At Milford, in intersects a Line running three times a week, to Easton, Penn. At Montrose it intersects a daily Line from Chenango Point to Philadelphia, by way of Wilkesbarre, Bethlehem, &c. Also, a Line running to Baltimore, through Wilkesbarre, Berwick, Northumberland, Harrisburgh, &c. Also a Line leaves Montrose every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, for Bradford County, Towanda, &c. At Oswego, it intersects a Line to Tioga Point, Newton, Bath, Olean Point, &c. From Carbondale, a Line leaves daily, for Blakely, Providence, Pittston, Wilkesbarre, Newport, Berwick, Danville, Northumberland, &c. For seats, apply at 71 Courtlandt street, or to James Kenney, No. 56 Pearl street, New York, or to Joseph I Roy, Jersey City
JOSEPH I. ROY,
SEARL & HORTON,
STOCKTON, STOKES & AVERY,
mar 8 1y *Proprietors.*

**SOUTHERN AND WESTERN**
*STAGE OFFICE.—LOWELL, Mass.*



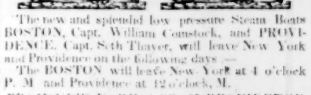
LOWELL, WORCESTER, HARTFORD & N. YORK
Daily Line of Stages, leave Lowell Daily Sundays excepted, at 7 A. M. and arrives in Worcester at 4 P. M. and in New York the 3d day.—Returning, leave Worcester, at 7 A. M. daily, and arrive in Lowell, at 4 P. M. Sundays excepted.
*LOWELL, BRATTLEBORO AND ALBANY*
Daily Mail stages, leaves Lowell daily Sundays excepted, at 7 A. M. Through to Albany in two days. Fare six dollars. Returning, leaves Baker & Waldridge's stage office, Albany, daily, Sundays excepted, and arrive in Lowell, the 2d day P. M. with the exception of Saturdays. Passengers that leave Lowell or Albany on Saturdays will not arrive until Mondays, at Lowell and Albany. This Line intersects at Lowell all the eastern stages, daily, for Haverhill, Newburyport, Dover, Saco, Portland and Augusta.
*LOWELL, KEENE, SARATOGA SPRINGS, AND ALBANY*
Stages leave Lowell daily, at 7 A. M. and arrive at Saratoga Springs and Albany the 3d day—through by daylight. Returning, leave Saratoga Springs daily, and arrive at Lowell the 3d day at 4 P. M.—Passing through Manchester, Chester, Vt. Walpole, Keene, N. H. and Groton, to Lowell.
Passengers wishing to pay the fare at Lowell, can have tickets through to any place mentioned in the above advertisements, on application to the subscribers. Books kept in Lowell at the American House, Washington Hotel, and Mansion House.
THOMAS A. STAPLES, Agent.
march9 *Lowell.*

*NEW YORK AND BOSTON STEAMBOAT COMPANY.*
**FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE.**

The splendid steam boat BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, Capt. E. S. Bunker, and the PRESIDENT, Capt. Robert S. Bunker, will leave New York and Providence every Monday, Wednesday and Friday—will leave New York at 3 o'clock, P. M. and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.
For further information, apply at the Office, No. 14 Broad street, or to the Captain on board, at the foot of Courtlandt street. mch 23

## Stages and Steamboats.

**FOR NEWPORT AND PROVIDENCE.**
*From the foot of Fulton street, E. R.*
ARRANGEMENT FOR MARCH, 1833.



The new and splendid low pressure Steam Boats BOSTON, Capt. William Comstock, and PROVIDENCE, Capt. Seth Thayer, will leave New York and Providence on the following days:—
The BOSTON will leave New York at 4 o'clock P. M. and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.

| *FROM NEW YORK.* | | *FROM PROVIDENCE.* | |
|---|---|---|---|
| On Saturday, March | 2 | On Tuesday, March | 5 |
| Thursday | " 7 | Saturday | " 9 |
| Tuesday | " 12 | Thursday | " 14 |
| Saturday | " 16 | Tuesday | " 19 |
| Thursday | " 21 | Saturday | " 23 |
| Tuesday | " 26 | Thursday | " 28 |
| Saturday | " 30 | | |

The PROVIDENCE will leave New York at 4 P. M. and Providence at 12 o'clock, M.

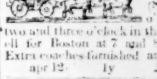
| *FROM NEW YORK* | | *FROM PROVIDENCE.* | |
|---|---|---|---|
| On Saturday March | 9 | On Thursday March | 7 |
| Thursday | " 14 | Tuesday | " 12 |
| Tuesday | " 19 | Saturday | " 16 |
| Saturday | " 23 | Thursday | " 21 |
| Thursday | " 28 | Tuesday | " 26 |
| | | Saturday | " 30 |

The splendid boats have each two heavy copper boilers and are propelled by low pressure engines. For further particulars, apply to the masters on board, or RICHARD S. WILLIAMS & CO. corner of Fulton and South streets. March 9

*STAGE OFFICE.*
*Earl's, No. 36, Hanover Street, Boston.*

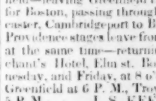
NEW-YORK Commercial Mail, via Worcester Hartford and New Haven. Leaves Boston every day, at 10 P. M.
Mail Pilot for New-York every day at 1 P. M lodge at Worcester, 2d day, Hartford and New Haven.
Albany Mail Stage via Worcester, Northampton, Pittsfield and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2, A. M.
Albany Mail Stage, via Springfield, Stockbridge and Lebanon Springs, every day, Sundays excepted, at 2 A. M.
Steam Boat Line, via Hopkinton, Sutton, Dudley, Woodstock, Ashford, Tolland to Hartford, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 9 A. M. Arrives in Hartford 24 day, at 12, M., in season for Steam Boat to New-York.
Worcester Accommodation, Old Road, through Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Marlboro', Northboro', and Shrewsbury, to Worcester, Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 10, A. M.
Worcester Accommodation via Watertown, Waltham, Weston, E. Sudbury, Saxonville, Framingham, Southboro', Westboro', to Worcester, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 2 o'clock, A. M.
Dudley Mail Stage, via Brighton, Newton, Needham, Natick, Framingham, Southboro', Westboro', Grafton, Milbury, Sutton, Oxford to Dudley, Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday, at 7 o'clock A. M. Extr Coaches furnished at short notice. apr 12 1y

**LOWELL AND BOSTON**
*Stage Company Office, No. 9 Elm St, Boston.*



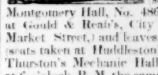
COACHES leave Boston for Lowell, every day, (Sundays excepted) at seven o'clock in the morning, and two and three o'clock in the afternoon. Leaves Lowell for Boston at 7 and 8 A. M. and 1 and 3 P. M. Extra coaches furnished at any time in the day.
apr 12 1y JAMES NEWELL, *Agent*

**PHŒNIX LINE.**
*Albany, Troy, Greenfield, Boston, Worcester and Providence Stages.*



LEAVE Chapin's Montgomery Hall, South Market st. Albany, and Babcock's, City Hotel, Troy, every Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 2 A. M., passing thro' Hancock, Williamstown, Adams, Charlemont to Greenfield—leaving Greenfield the next morning at 3 A. M. for Boston, passing through Athol, Westminster, Lancaster, Cambridgeport to Boston. The Worcester and Providence stages leave from the same office same days at the same time—returning, leaves Brigham's, Merchant's Hotel, Elm st. Boston, every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, at 8 o'clock, A. M., and arrives in Greenfield at 6 P. M. Troy and Albany second day at 5 P. M.
J. S. KEELER, Troy,
GEO. JONES, Boston,
june 20. J. B. & O. RICHARDSON, Albany.

**ALBANY AND BOSTON**
*Mail Stages, through Bolton, Lancaster Barre, Greenfield, Cheshire, Troy, and Albany. Through in two days. Fare reduced to $6.*



LEAVES Albany, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 1 o'clock A. M. seats taken at E. Chapin's, Montgomery Hall, No. 486 South Market Street, and at Gould & Reab's, City Coffee House, 356 North Market Street,) and leaves Troy at 2 o'clock, A. M. (seats taken at Huddleston's Rensselaer House, and at Thurston's Mechanic Hall,) and arrives at Greenfield, at 6 o'clock P. M. the same days. Leaves Greenfield, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 2 A. M. for Troy Albany and Boston, and arrives at Troy at 5, P. M., Albany at 6, P. M. and Boston at 7 P. M. same days. This Line leaves Wilde's Hotel, Elm Street, Boston, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 2 o'clock A. M. and arrives at Greenfield at 6 o'clock P. M. This Line intersects the Worcester and Providence and Hartford Stages at Amherst. mar 1 1y

**LOWELL & BOSTON.**
*NO. 9, ELM STREET, BOSTON.*

COACHES leave the above Office every morning, (Sundays excepted,) a 7 o'clock, for New Hampshire Vermont, and Canada All of th above coaches pass through the great manufacturing towns of Lowell, and most of the principal towns in New Hampshire, and Vermont JAMES NEWELL, *Agent.*
apr 21. 1y

**NEW-YORK AND EASTON**
*Mail Coach.—Winter Arrangement.*

THIS line leaves White's Hotel, Easton, on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Jersey City the same evening. Leaves *Jersey City*, on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at four o'clock in the morning, and arrives at Easton the same evening, passing through *Newark, Springfield, Chatham, Bottle-Hill, Morristown, Mendham, Chester, Schooley's Mountain, Washington*, &c. At Easton this line intersects lines running daily to *Philadelphia, Manch Chunk, Pottsville, Reading, Wilkesbarre*, &c. For seats, apply to John Patten, 72, Courtlandt Street, New-York; or J. I. Roy, Jersey City. At Easton, apply at White's Hotel. All baggage at the risk of the owners
mar 8 4f J. I. ROY & CO.

**MERCHANTS' LINE.**

*TRANSPORTATION ON THE ERIE*
*Canal for Freight and Passengers.*

THE Proprietors of this Line will continue to run a Daily Line of Boats between Albany and Buffalo, as heretofore. Apply to R. Hunter, No. 7 Counties ship, corner of Water-st. New York, Platt Williams, Co. Albany; Williams, Chapin, & Co. Rochester; Barker & Holt, Buffalo; P. S. V. Hamot, Erie, Pa; W. Whitman & Son, Ashtabula, O.; Kelley & Walworth, Cleveland, O.; J. W. Hollister & Co. Sandusky City O.; Gwynne & Baldwin, Columbus, O.; C. W. Corzgan & Co. Cincinnati; O. Newberry, Detroit, M. T. PLATT WILLIAMS & CO.
Albany, june 20. 1y *Proprietors*

**GENERAL STAGE OFFICE.**
*WILDES', No. 11 ELM STREET, BOSTON, FITCHBURG, FITZWILLIAM, and Brattleboro' Mail Stage.*

THE public are respectfully informed, that the Mail Stages on the above route will in future, leave the General Stage Office, Wildes', No. 11, Elm Street, Boston, every Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 3 o'clock, A. M. and arrive in Brattleboro' at 9 P. M. where it intersects all the western, southern and northern stages. Returning, leaves Brattleboro' every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 3 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6, P. M.

*CITIZEN'S LINE OF MAIL COACHES*
*From Boston, through Fitchburg to Keene.*

Leaves the General Stage Office, Wildes', No. 11, Elm Street, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 3 o'clock, A. M. and arrives in Keene, N. H. at 6 P. M., where it connects with all the northern Stages. Returning leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. every Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 6 A. M. and arrives in Boston at 6 P. M. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street,—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.

*BOSTON FITCHBURG, KEENE and Burlington Mail Stage.*

Leaves Col. Harrington's Eagle Hotel, Keene, N. H. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, at 4 o'clock A. M. and arrives in Boston at 7 P. M. Returning, leaves the General Stage Office, Wildes', No. 11 Elm Street, Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 3 o'clock, A. M. and arrives at Keene, N. H. at 7 P. M. where it connects with all the northern Stages. Passengers wishing to take seats in this line, will be particular to apply in Boston, at the General Stage Office, No. 11 Elm Street—in Keene, at the Eagle Hotel.
E. ESTABROOK, Agent at Keene.
C. FIELDS, Agent at Boston.
mar 1

## New Inventions.

**RODGER'S PATENT**
*Newly invented and Highly Improved Balance FIRE ENGINE.*

JOHN F. ROGERS & CO., are manufacturing, at Watertord, Saratoga county, N. Y., on an extensive scale, *Rogers' Patent Balance Fire Engine*, and the Company do not hesitate to recommend it to the public as decidedly superior to any Fire Engine now known. It has been tested by skillful Engineers at the United States' Arsenals at Cohoes ville and Washington, and pronounced by them to be superior to all others. The Government Arsenal at Washington is now supplied with one of the said Engines, and the Proprietor has on hand a contract with the Government for the supply of all their principal Arsenals.—This Engine combines the advantage of more power at less cost than any other in use, and needs only to be examined and tried to ensure it a preference to all others. Engines will be made promptly to order, of such dimensions and power as shall be required, and at reasonable prices. june 20.

FISHING AND TOWLING TACKLE STORE, wholesale and retail by CHARLES R. TAYLOR, No. 1 1-2, Maiden lane, near Broadway N York Gut, grass, hair, silk and hemplines; hickory, ash, bamboo and Bamboo Rods, either salted or in the walking stick, for fly and other fishing; single and compound Reels, of superior quality; Hoops and Nets; Fishing Baskets; Artificial Baits, of all kinds; Fish Hooks of every description; Swivels, brass and steel; Swivel Leads; Bait Needles; Disgorgers; Bait Boxes, & Floats, of all sizes. Also, single and double barrelled Guns and Pistols, of various qualities; shot belts, single and double; Powder and Liquor Flasks; Game Nets; Cleaning Rods; Wad Cutters; Nipple wrenches and Turn-screws; Dog Whips and Calls; Dog Collars of all sizes; Drinking Cups; Pocket Lights, Sportsmen's Apparatus, consisting of Knife, Fork, Spoon and Cork Screw; Powder of the best quality, and all sizes of Shot; Swords, Epaulets and Plumes. Also, a variety of articles in the Hardware & Cutlery line. 18

AN ELEGANT ARTICLE.

ECONOMY and Luxury combined in *JOHNSON'S PATENT SOFA BEDSTEAD!*—The Subscriber takes this method to return his grateful acknowledgements for the very liberal patronage extended to him the last season, and again begs leave to call the attention of the public to his Patent Sofa and Settee Bedstead. This article is essentially different from any previous attempt to combine the Bedstead with the Sofa or Settee. It is constructed on principles peculiar to itself: with the size, strength, and convenience of the ordinary four post Bedstead, it possesses the symmetry, beauty, and finish, of the ornamental Parlour Settee or Sofa. The bed and bedding are enclosed, and again extended with the greatest ease, and without removing them from their place on